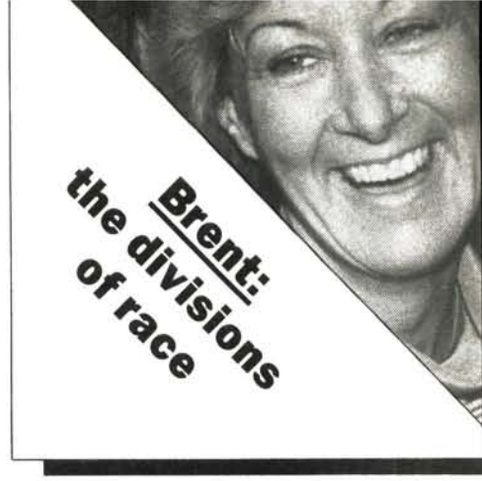
NOV 10 1986
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

NEW 31 October 1986 IR£1.34 US$1.50 By Air 90p

STATESMAN

A death from Aids; Harold Wilson's back on a pedestal
The Ruskin row revisited; Pressure on the BBC
Theatre in Manchester; Science fiction now



Brent: the divisions of race

AFTER MACHEL

FREEDOM IS STILL OVER THE RAINBOW

Paul Weinberg/Link

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ THE WORLD

Readers International brings you today's world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just £4.75. (regularly to £9.95)

"Ty-Casper's prose glitters" ***Publishers Weekly*** **The riveting story of the last years of Marcos rule.**

New from **The Philippines**

WINGS OF STONE

It is early 1986, in Manila. The world watches the revolution toppling Marcos. But few can know the whys or wherefores behind those dramatic TV images. Now prize-winning Filipino novelist Linda Ty-Casper's new novel *Wings of Stone* lets us feel that urgency—from the *other* side of the lens—right up to those days of deliverance. Through the eyes of Johnny Manalo, from his landing on the tarmac where Aquino was killed, we enter a nightmare world of violence and corruption in this crucible for change in Asia.

From Brazil, Antônio Torres' *The Land* brings us the harsh, lyrical world of the Backland region, whose peasants survive with grim humour, and whose children long for the phantom riches of São Paulo. This modern Brazilian classic on the conflict between the rural and the urban now comes into English for the first time.

Next to Africa and the satirical *Laugh-to-Cry*, as the great Congolese novelist Henri Lopez lampoons the supreme African dictator—Amin, Bokassa, Mobutu, all in one—who moves overnight from the barracks to the Presidential Palace. Funny but searing: Lopez' satire bites with anger and sadness at Africa's burden of butcher-clowns.

Fiction, says André Brink, has a way of recording a truth deeper than fact. Through READERS INTERNATIONAL **(RI)** you can explore new worlds of fiction, worlds seen more clearly, stories told more freshly than in any news report.

"A splendid and important enterprise and worth supporting," says the Financial Times.

RI works like a magazine subscription—every other month you receive a new and timely book: handsome hardcover editions at the special price of £4.75 + 75p postage. Your subscription helps fund the translation and printing of some of the world's finest literature.

Subscribe now for a *good read* and help bring some of today's most gifted writers into English. "Readers International is exciting: good books—and a good cause," says A. Whitney Ellsworth, publisher of the *New York Review of Books*. Return the coupon now to receive your first volume.

ALREADY LAUNCHED by readers like you: Antonio Skármeta's *I Dreamt the Snow Was Burning*, "the most accomplished piece of literature to come out of Chile since Pinochet took power" —Village Voice; *My Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klíma, "charming and comic stories about Prague, irrepressibly cheerful and successfully written"—Financial Times. Osvaldo Soriano's *A Funny Dirty Little War* (Argentina)— "feisty and brawling, rooted in the reality of the nation"—NY Times Bk Rev. *Poland Under Black Light* by Janusz Anderman—"an honest and powerful voice...he undercuts the lies of one side and the mythology of the other"—New Statesman. *Fools* by Ndebele (S. Africa), "Intricate and subtle...unusual depth"—*LA Times*.

READERS INTERNATIONAL

8 Strathray Gardens, London NW3 4NY

Please begin my subscription to RI's series with *Wings of Stone* at the £4.75 subscriber price plus 75p for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing you.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN CODE COUNTRY

☐ £5.50 (£7 overseas) to Readers International is enclosed. (North American subscribers, please send US$9.95/Can$12.50, incl. postage, to RI Subscriber Service Dept., P.O. Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418.)

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at £3.75 each plus 75p postage.

☐ **I enclose my payment for £27 inland, US$48, Can$58, £35 sterling elsewhere.**

ST 14

How **RI** Selects Books: Literary merit is the first consideration of **RI**'s editors and advisors. Many of these works were initially banned at home or written in exile: **RI** is committed to publishing literature in danger. Each is current, from the past 10 years. Each is new to readers here—although many have been acclaimed in European editions. Subscribe now and give these powerful writers a voice in English, all at a very modest price.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 112 No 2901 31 October 1986

CONTENTS

FEATURES

Peter Kellner The power politics of Knowsley North 5
As **Howard Barrell** reports on the effects of President Machel's death, *NS* writers assess the state of southern Africa: **Chris Horrie** on the US-backed network supporting Mozambique's *contras*, **David Tereshchuk** looks to the future for the ANC, **Denis Herbstein** berates Labour for its record over Namibia 6
Jolyon Jenkins: Fighting racism in Brent 10
David Walker: Rehabilitating Mr Wilson 12
John Merritt: Archer's impalement 13
John Lloyd: Selbourne: academic freedom vs union solidarity 14
Ian Williams: Knowsley — not another Labour by-election disaster 15
Roger Bolton: Governments never like the BBC 17
Hugh Bain: Goodbye, economic discipline 18
Andrew Lumsden on a friend now dead of Aids 19
Harriett Gilbert at the Booker beanfeast 20

ARTS

John Spurling: Golden age of Scottish painting 21
Jules Lubbock: Accommodating the Big Bang 22
Andrew Lumsden: Theatre in London 22
Paul Allen: Theatre in Manchester 22
Hugo Williams: Television 24
Judith Williamson: Cinema 24
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on the Jarrow March 26

BOOKS

Colin Greenland: Science fiction overview 27
Josephine Saxton: Science fiction round up 28
Jean Radford: Julia Kristeva 28
Angus Calder: George Davie 30
Sara Maitland: First novels 31

BACKCHAT

Helen Birch: The new man 36
Colin Spencer: Eating out 36
Crossword 37
Weekend competition 38
John Minnion 39
George Botterill: Chess 39
This England 39

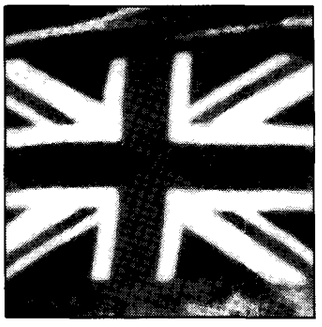
PLUS

Roger Woddis 10
Letters 32

NEXT WEEK

Yuppiestairs, downstairs, our examination of the servant problem, held over from this week
Plus: Brian Masters, Denis Nilsen's biographer, analyses a new study of the Yorkshire Ripper

My country right



PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, wrote an article from the heart in his paper's magazine ('My country right or wrong?' 19 October). Worsthorne, still the best and clearest of the gallery of right-wing writers who are a powerful voice in Fleet Street commentary, proposed this thesis: that Britain (he calls it England when he wishes to signify special approval) now displayed 'more cause for shame than pride'; that the 'territory is changed out of all recognition', that 'punks make me sick (and) *Guardian* women are another source of intense disgust'; that apart from a few months during the Falklands war, Britain and he no longer had anything in common, except for some of 'the old' — the monarchy, Parliament, Oxbridge, friends, colleagues, clubs such as the Garrick and the Beefsteak.

If, he continued, a far left government came to power, one pledged to nationalising all private property and to abolishing the monarchy, he would consider turning traitor.

It is not wholly clear if this was, at least in part, a joke: his last paragraph begins 'What nonsense!', and he concludes that 'my England . . . so it will always be'. The *Sun* didn't see it as a joke: it printed a shorter version on 24 October, and asked its readers afterwards — 'What do you think about life around you today? Do punks make you sick? Do you think the Falklands War was the only thing to unite us recently? Has the Great really gone out of Britain?'

His readers did not take it lightly either. Last Sunday, the *Sunday Telegraph* had some 178 letters from Sussex, Hampshire, Kent, Essex, Bath and Hampstead applauding the piece (only 5 were against). G.B. Wood of Hove transmuted it effortlessly into a piece of recruitment propaganda for a 'new party of the right'. Frank Kennedy of Somerset identifies the BBC as 'the real enemy in our midst'. Alan Kean of Hampstead sees 'hordes of immigrants who, far from embracing our way of life, seem bent on forcing us to embrace theirs'.

Does it amount to something or nothing? Something, I think, even if the Worsthorne tongue was in the cheek. The vision of a nation collapsing into chaos is a powerful one, one which has been presented to peoples deemed to be suffering from an excess of liberty for more than a century in order that they embrace a 'government dedicated to the restoration of discipline and responsibility'. Most have been dictatorships. It is not necessary to claim that Worsthorne is covertly arguing for a dictatorship — I don't believe he is, though the piece he wrote doesn't encourage total security in that belief — to feel that his elegant stroking of the beguiling chords of 'English, awake!' is aimed at seeing what a silent majority might think. The *Sun*'s use of his piece is more explicitly designed to do just that.

His vision gives the left an opening, and reminds it of a responsibility. This is to develop a patriotism which the nation outside the ranks of the Garrick and the Beefsteak can take for its own.

Worsthorne's 'vision of hell' is often code for a fear of 'aliens' — people from India, Pakistan, the West Indies, Africa and elsewhere, who can be visibly rejected as 'non-British' (Worsthorne talks of a lack of 'affinity . . . with many of the new immigrants to this country').

A new patriotism must be energetic in accommodating these groups, more energetic than it has been in the recent past — though such accommodation does not mean a falsely liberal acceptance of *all* done in the name of better race relations, as we argue on our piece on Brent on p10. It must be especially concerned to develop the skills and the understanding of all its people, through raising the standards of education, of the environment, of the health and welfare services — though it must never accept the argument that higher attainment, higher standards, are merely 'middle class' (they *are* such a preserve in Worsthorne's patriotic heaven). It must point out that the greatest scourge, the real hell for millions, is the uselessness and aimlessness of unemployment, and it must tackle it.

And finally, it must not show Worsthorne's arrogance — even to the fears on which he seeks to play. The old, mothers with young children, especially those in inner cities, recognise Worsthorne's fears without having been nearer a club than, perhaps, cleaning it. Many people do fear their own local version of social chaos; many are stirred by a vision of a nation independent and free, of a community not fragmented by urban planning, the disintegration of the extended family, the ceaseless demands of commercial development and the tensions of race and youth. Denying that, or dismissing it as mere reactionary maundering, has been the left's bane and the right's opportunity for years.

The left *is* showing such responsibility: the criticism from Labour education spokesman Giles Radice of Brent council's persistence in suspending Mrs Maureen McGoldrick in the face of what appears inadequate evidence of racist practice, and Neil Kinnock's disavowal of the Sinn Fein representatives received by a few Labour councils, is only the work of the past week. This does not fit with Worsthorne's theory: but we must ensure that it never *does* fit. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We offer: helpful notes for Jeffrey Archer's autobiography

Memo to: Tebbit
Re: Media Bias
'Following your strong remarks, Chairman, at the Conservative Party conference earlier this month, we can disclose the paymaster of some of our most dangerous foes.

Take each of the recent sex scandals to lead to resignations. Who was it who photographed Lord Lambton, then Under Secretary for the Air Force, in bed with *two* prostitutes? And who obtained that interview with Sara Keays and thereby sunk poor Cecil's career?

Yes, on both occasions, as with *l'affaire* Archer, they were journalists in the pay of that alien subversive, Rupert Murdoch. Why don't you ease up on the BBC and go after your *real* enemies?' — Yours, Conservative Campaign for pro-Tory Bias in the Media. ●

Infant days

Jeffrey's political nursery was the Greater London Council in what were for the Tories the marvellous years of the Great Landslide — the period, between 1967 and 1970, when they had a GLC majority of 82 to 18. He was one of three Tory members from Havering.

Our hero played little part in the business of the GLC, but showed an early nose for power in attaching himself to Chris Chataway, parachuted in to be leader of the Inner London Education Authority. Jeffrey was put on the education committee, and became Chataway's personal assistant.

Harvey Hinds, Labour's GLC chief whip during these difficult days, recalls the lad: 'A very vociferous and loud young man. I don't remember him actually making a *speech*'. ●

Your cue, Norm

Our ear-to-the-ground in the House, Andrew Roth, reports that the question on every democratically-elected lip is: *when* did Tebbit first learn of the touting of the 'Debbie' story round the Street of Shame?

And *what advice did he give*? And why did he delay informing Mrs Thatcher who insists she only learned of it from the first edition of the *NoW*? Remember Harold Macmillan complaining that no one told him about Profumo?

At Tory Conference TV directors were told, without reasons given, to get 'cut-away shots' of Jeffrey — ie the political journalists thought the oft-touted-tale might blow any minute. ●

All the same — ouch!

Labour Party leaders may have their personal qualms about the way the latest tumble by our hero came about, though they have stoically kept silent so far.

Aziz Kurtha, the wealthy Pakistani lawyer/TV presenter who assisted the *NoW*, is a member of the Labour Party, and stood for Richmond council during the May local elections. He joined the Kew ward of Richmond constituency over the past year, and has been a fairly regular attender. He got only 473 votes in the Council elections — 12 per cent of the vote — in an area where the Alliance is the main opposition to Tories. Fellow party members regarded him as liking to be thought of as somewhat leftish in his views, but essentially centrist.

The Labour leaders' nightmare is that he's sincere in his claim that he didn't unmask Archer for money — but that he did it to help the Labour Party. That help they don't need. ●

Toadying

Things *are* different without the GLC. When Ken was in charge, images of women by Tomi Ungerer which the women's committee thought degrading were banned from the Royal Festival Hall foyer.

Now with Ronald Grierson, chair of the South Bank Board, holding the reins, it's the Royal Family you can't be rude about. Ralph Steadman has an exhibition there of his distorted polaroids of famous personages, to promote his new book *Paranoids*.

The only pictures missing from the exhibition are of the Queen and a slitty-eyed Duke of Edinburgh. The decision to exclude them was taken by Grierson and his two General Directors. ●

Burglaries at War on Want

War on Want, whose long and bitter internal dispute burst into the news this week, recently had its London offices burgled three times in three weeks, *writes Rob Edwards*. Although no one is prepared to make any public accusations, there are widespread suspicions within the organisation that the break-ins were an 'inside job'.

In articles in Monday's *Daily Mirror* and Scotland's *Daily Record*, War on Want's General Secretary, George Galloway, was accused of running up extravagant expenses while travelling in poverty-striken countries. He strongly denied the allegations and accused disgruntled officials of 'dirty tricks'.

The police have said to War on Want that in two of the three burglaries, entry was probably gained by use of a key. All that appears to have been stolen is a video recorder and £200, although other portable valuables were left untouched. The offices were, however, thoroughly turned over.

On the first occasion the door to George Galloway's secretary's office was smashed. On the second, the door to Galloway's own office was broken and a heavy safe was unlocked, relocked and carried down three flights of stairs. On the third, the finance office was entered and the old key was left sticking out of the safe (its lock having been changed).

An internal investigation revealed that one of the keys that could have been used in the break-ins went missing more than ten months previously, although this was not reported by staff.

Galloway, who is also Labour's candidate in the marginal Glasgow Hillhead seat, is widely credited with having transformed War on Want's finances since he joined the organisation in 1983. But in the process he may have made some enemies. ●

The South Bank Board presents

"ARTICULATIONS

A series of talks, interviews and discussions on artistic themes.

JULIAN BUDDEN ON TANCREDI Tuesday, 4th November 6.00 pm
An introduction to Rossini's Tancredi to be performed later in the evening in the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

LORD GOODMAN Wednesday, 12th November 6.00 pm
"Is the Arts Council outmoded?" Lord Goodman, Chairman of the Arts Council from 1965 until 1972, poses the question.

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI Monday, 1 December 6.00 pm
In this talk he discusses his work and provides an introduction to his new opera.

TONY PALMER Thursday, 4 December 6.00 pm
Speaks on the composers who have featured in his work, in particular Benjamin Britten, Wagner and Shostakovich.

LAURENS VAN DER POST Monday, 8 December 6.00 pm
Talks on and around the subject of his recently published book, "A Walk with a White Bushman".

Tickets: £1.50 Concessions: £1.00 schoolchildren, students, senior citizens and UB40

Purcell Room BOX OFFICE 01-928 3191 cc 01-928 8800

New Statesman subscribers

From next week (issue of 7 Nov.) subscription copies will be posted from our printers in Colchester. This change should not affect delivery times as copies of the *NS* will actually be entering the postal system earlier than at present.

However, please keep a close eye on when your copy arrives for the first few weeks after the change and write to **Joanne Hurst, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU**, if you notice any delays or disruption to your usual delivery pattern. Copies should reach subscribers living in London and the South East on Friday and on either Friday or *at the very latest* Saturday in remoter parts of the UK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PETER KELLNER

When power grows out of the barrel of the rule book

BEFORE WE embark on the more controversial parts of our journey round Knowsley North and the problems it has posed for the Labour Party, let us start with an assertion on which comrades of every shade of red and pink can agree. Robert Kilroy-Silk, whose resignation has caused the by-election, has not behaved well. He could have stayed on as an MP — by the time he announced his resignation his reselection was assured. If he was determined to leave politics he could have consulted his colleagues in Knowsley and at Westminster about the timing of his actions. He need not have allowed his book to be serialised in, of all newspapers, Rupert Murdoch's *Times*.

The list of mud pies to be slung at Kilroy-Silk may be extended according to taste. At the end of this unsavoury exercise, however, one awkward fact remains. In *Hard Labour** Kilroy-Silk makes a number of precise allegations about his opponents in Knowsley North. As far as I am aware, none of these allegations have been convincingly refuted.

Since the local party's court actions over the past few days have been underwritten by the Transport Workers' Union in the region, let us take the behaviour of the TGWU as our example. According to Kilroy-Silk's entry for 13 November last year, the union's

> 6/556 branch — the Pendletons Ice Cream factory branch in Kirby — has only 304 members overall but five delegates (to Knowsley North's general committee), which would require 401 members, all of them living in Knowsley North. Otis Elevators' Kirby T&G branch 6/507 has 98 members and two delegates: even if all 98 members lived in Knowsley North it would be entitled to one delegate.
>
> Best of all is branch 6/612, that of the regional secretary of the T&G, Bobby Owens. An unemployed branch it has only 263 members — who cannot all live in my constituency, surely — but five delegates, for which it ought to have a membership of 401, at least.

How could this come about? Was it merely an example of over optimistic union book-keeping — a series of unintended and innocent errors? Kilroy-Silk reports the findings of his trawls round other Merseyside constituencies. Owen's branch, with its membership of 263 throughout Merseyside,

> has delegates that we have counted so far and we haven't covered all the constituencies. That means, in effect, that the branch is claiming a membership of more than 2,400. The same is true of T&G branch 6/522. It has an actual membership of 638 but at least 24 delegates, equivalent to 2,400 plus members.

And so on, in other branches and other unions. At the same time, as Ian Williams reported in the *NS* three weeks ago, Knowsley North's individual membership was very patchy. Eight wards, with a total of 191 members, supplied 98 delegates to the general committee; the other two had almost twice as many members but fewer than half as many delegates (39).

KNOWSLEY NORTH constituency party is, in short, in a mess. It has never paid its affiliation fee to the Labour Party nationally since the new constituency was fashioned by the Boundaries Commission nearly four years ago. Knowsley North has the unenviable record of owing Walworth Road more money — £4,994.32 — in affiliation fees than any other constituency. As a result of its non-affiliation, the constituency has been represented at none of the last four Labour Party annual conferences.

(This surely limits its capacity to shout foul at the National Executive. By failing to pay its affiliation fee, it surrendered its chance to play any part in electing the executive.)

Nevertheless, the executive operated pure power politics in blocking Les Huckfield and 'advising' the local party to nominate George Howarth as its by-election candidate. As the courts have now confirmed, the executive has awesome powers to run the Labour Party as it wants between annual conferences. Clause 14, section 5 of the model rules for constituency parties says of by-elections:

> The National Executive Committee may, if it deems necessary in the interests of the Labour Party, advise the executive committee of this party to select a nomination it may submit to it.

If this 'advice' is ignored, the NEC has the power not to endorse the person selected by the constituency. The rules do not require the NEC to give its reasons.

'The NEC acted like the Inland Revenue pouncing on an unwilling taxpayer. Morality had nothing to do with it.'

We can, then, strip away some of the arcane arguments that surrounded the decision to block Huckfield. Whether or not he promised to stay at Strasbourg for his full five years as a Member of the European Parliament is beside the point. The NEC did not like the Knowsley North party, did not like Huckfield and had the brutal, arbitrary power to impose a candidate of its choice.

It is that fact which has given last week's decision such importance. One does not have to be a hardline left-winger to state the case against the NEC: 'The Labour Party is a democratic association of constituencies and affiliated organisations. Each component of the party should have the freedom to determine its policies, within the overall rules of the party, and to act accordingly. The day when the NEC usurps those rights is the day that democracy gives way to dictatorship. In imposing George Howarth on Knowsley North, the NEC has destroyed an important principle.'

That is roughly what Huckfield and the Knowsley North party have argued. It is based on a false premise: that Labour is a democratic association. It is, in fact, a jumble of groups which pool their sovereignty for the purposes of wielding power. Sometimes they act democratically, sometimes they do not. The sad truth is that democracy may be desirable in the Labour Party's internal operations but it is not essential.

What governs the way the party works is its rules. Each side tries to use, and whenever possible amend, those rules to its greatest advantage. At constituency level, the manipulation of trade union delegations to achieve specific objectives has been as much a hallmark of the Right as of the Left. Labour Party activists are apt to exploit the rules in the way that rich folk use tax shelters: to find every legal — and occasionally not-so-legal — way to secure maximum advantage for themselves.

Last week the NEC simply outmanoeuvred Les Huckfield and Knowsley North. It acted like the Inland Revenue pouncing on an unwilling taxpayer. Morality had nothing to do with it; it boiled down to who had the power and who had read the fine print of the rule book.

THERE SHOULD be a better way. There is. It is to turn the Labour Party into something it has never been: an open, democratic party at every level, in which the NEC's power to intervene at local level is limited to its right to ensure that democracy is allowed to operate.

At constituency level, the Knowsley North affair is the latest to demonstrate that local trade union affiliation cannot bear the weight imposed on it. For the system to work as it was designed, every trade union branch would need to compile a list of which of its political levy-paying members lived in each constituency, for that list to be regularly updated and made available to anyone with a legitimate interest in it. I doubt if many trade union branches would be willing or able to compile such lists. (The central London branches of the larger trade unions would have to divide accurately their membership among upwards of 100 constituencies.)

The simple, democratic alternative would be to limit candidate selection to individual party members and to operate that selection according to the principles of one-member-one-vote. That way, arguments about rigged union delegations would disappear; so would other arguments about branch delegates breaking their 'mandate' to vote for one candidate rather than another. Moreover, much of the steam would go out of the battle over black sections: as soon as the idea gained ground that big decisions would be made by OMOV, it wouldn't matter what subgroups of the constituency were formed. Indeed, the more groups the better, if they increased the participation of individual members.

If parties were required to operate democratically at local level, it would be both odious and unnecessary for the NEC to intervene in legitimate local decisions. Until that day, power politics rule; and as long as they do rule, the NEC wields all the heavy guns.

*Chatto & Windus, £9.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carlos Guarita/Reflex

A Frelimo militia woman: can her country survive without Machel?

AFRICA

All eyes on frontline states as Mozambique mourns

What are the chances of holding the pass — literally the pass, to Beira — after the shock of Samora Machel's death? **HOWARD BARRELL** *reports on the dire threat to the frontline states caused by the loss of Frelimo's leader in the 20 October air crash*

Harare

THE VEXATIOUS mystery over the cause of the plane crash which killed Mozambican president Samora Machel has largely obscured the full extent of the serious challenge his death has posed for the frontline states. The central question is whether Mozambique's Frelimo government, now under greater pressure than ever before from South African-backed fighters of the Mozambique National Resistance (MNR), can survive without the presence of the charismatic Machel.

On the answer hinges the frontline states' ability to retain and extend some degree of economic, hence also political, independence of the apartheid government in South Africa. For economics, particularly the extent to which Pretoria's black-ruled neighbours are dependent on South African transport routes for their foreign trade, constitute as good a reason as the apartheid government's considerable military might for the frontline states to attempt to avoid an outright confrontation.

One conscious element in Pretoria's strategy in the deployment of MNR bandits in Mozambique and Unita in Angola has been to disrupt frontline state attempts to develop alternatives to South African routes. An Organisation of African Unity estimate of the cost to neighbouring states of South African destabilisation over the past five years is well in excess of $10 billion. Mozambique under Frelimo has provided the three landlocked frontline states — Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe — with what is a very slim hope of being able to reduce substantially this trade route dependency on South Africa. The crucial channel is the corridor from Zimbabwe's eastern border town of Mutare to the central Mozambican port of Beira. The corridor carries a road, railway and fuel pipeline.

Some 6,000 Zimbabwean troops are currently guarding this corridor, with Frelimo's agreement, against MNR attacks. Ambitious plans to upgrade the corridor's inadequate carrying capacity have been drawn up. But their implementation depends, one, on an ability to guarantee its security and, two, on the presence in Maputo of a government sympathetic to the other frontline states' plight.

Here lies the crux. In the weeks leading up to Machel's death, there was a substantial increase in tension between the Mozambican and South African governments. This coincided with some reasoned and published speculation in the frontline states that South Africa's objective on Mozambique had shifted: from serious destabilisation of Frelimo via the MNR, to a decision to replace Frelimo with an MNR government, whatever the risk of a Frelimo-led guerrilla war. And, just a few days before Machel's death, the head of the semi-official Mozambican news agency *AIM*, Carlos Cardoso, published a remarkable article predicting a South African government attempt to assassinate Machel.

No wonder, then, the widespread belief in the frontline states that South Africa brought down Machel's plane by bomb, missile or sleight of navigational markers — a belief which, in many quarters, no possible exoneration of South Africa by a crash commission of enquiry is likely to be able to overturn.

Currently, at least 70 per cent of Zimbabwe's foreign trade is passing through South African transport facilities. The figure for Botswana is around 90 per cent. And Zambia's all-important copper exports continue to depend on South African goodwill, although some relief is now offered by the recent rehabilitation of the Tazara railway line from Zambia to the port city of Dar es Salaam in Tanzania, another member of the six-nation frontline states group.

Zimbabwe is really the industrial and political hub of both the frontline states and the overlapping nine-nation Southern African Development Coordination Conference (SADCC), set up for, among other reasons, a reduction of member states' economic dependency on South Africa. But prime minister Robert Mugabe has gone on record as saying that the survival of his own Zimbabwean government depends on the survival of Frelimo in Mozambique's seat of power.

JUST A FEW DAYS before Machel's death, Mugabe dispatched his minister of state for security, Emmerson Munangagwa, his minister of state for defence, Ernest Kadungure, and Zimbabwe's army commander, lieutenant-general Rex Nhongo, to Maputo. A general though unconfirmed presumption is that their task was to enquire whether further Zimbabwean military aid to Frelimo was needed.

The Zimbabwean visit followed a major invasion of northern Mozambique in late September by MNR fighters previously based in Malawi, the only black-ruled African state to have full diplomatic ties with Pretoria. This invasion was, ironically, the result of frontline state pressure on Malawi's ageing right-wing dictator, Kamuzu Banda, to end support for the MNR. The wily Banda obligingly 'expelled' several thousand MNR men back to Mozambique, so prompting a serious deterioration in the security situation in the Tete and Zambezia provinces where a number of hamlets fell to the MNR.

At the time of his death, Machel, of course, was returning from an attempt at a meeting in Zambia to put similar pressure on Mobutu Sese Seko to end Zaire's support for South African — and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CIA-backed Unita forces fighting the MPLA government in Angola. Unita and South African military attacks have meant the railway line from the Zambian copperbelt through southern Zaire to the Angolan port of Benguela is out of action. Result: Zairean and a considerable portion of Zambian copper exports and other commodities must, unnaturally, flow through South Africa. This does not appear to worry Mobutu, but it does concern Zambia's president Kenneth Kaunda and Angola's president Jose Eduardo Dos Santos, another frontline state leader.

Zimbabwe's information minister Nathan Shamuyarira said after Machel's death his government believed Frelimo were 'capable of handling the difficult and critical situation', adding Zimbabwe would continue to support them 'to the hilt as in the past'.

Certainly, Frelimo has never depended ascertainably on the personality of Machel for its persistence, and a number of men present themselves as capable potential successors. They include foreign minister Joachim Chissano and the head of the standing commission of the people's assembly Marcelino Dos Santos. But the timing and manner of Machel's death has undoubtedly shaken Frelimo's grip.

The result is that the link between the frontline states' degree of trade independence of South Africa and their political autonomy has been thrown into sharp relief. If the Frelimo government were to fall to its South African surrogate enemy, the MNR, then Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe — in fact all the five frontline states who would then remain — would face a critical situation. International comprehensive sanctions against a South African government with unhindered access to Mozambican ports and behaving like the all-powerful economic captor of Botswana, Zambia and Zimbabwe, would no longer hold out the prospect of averting a horrifying bloodbath in the region. The character of the region's undeclared wars would change substantially, become more distinctly interlinked and more generalised. □

'Machel is finished'

CHRIS HORRIE *on the right-wing 'contra' company kept by the organisation which southern African leaders believe could have had the motive and means to 'terminate' Machel*

BLACK SOUTHERN African leaders have few doubts Machel was assassinated, and few doubts who did it. They blamed RENAMO, the western-backed 'contras' who have brought Mozambique to the war-ravaged brink of collapse. Certainly RENAMO, political wing of the MNR, had both the motive and the means to blast Machel's plane. Controlling more than half the country, they are by far the most successful of the world's right-wing contra forces.

Last month I met RENAMO's European representative Armando Gumbé at the 11th annual conference of the World Anti-Communist League (WACL) in Luxembourg. Gumbé was there to co-ordinate activities with a dozen or so contra movements dedicated to the overthrow of non-aligned and Marxist third world regimes from Nicaragua to Burma. 'Machel is finished' he told me (with some prescience) 'he won't last through the year. The only thing that keeps him going is the Cubans and Mugabe'. He complained that Britain is training Mozambican troops at the behest — he reasoned — of Robert Mugabe. He left little doubt that after the 'liberation of Mozambique' Zimbabwe would be next.

Our conversation ended abruptly when general John K. Singlaub, the chairman of WACL and a former CIA covert guerrilla warfare chief, steered Armando Gumbé back into the main conference hall. 'How are ya Armando?' Singlaub growled, 'you guys are doing a great job'.

WACL was formed in the late 1960s with US intelligence involvement to revive a strategy of 'nationalist guerilla warfare' against Red China and the Soviet Union and is still committed to backing guerrilla war inside the Soviet Ukraine and on mainland China, reflecting the daydreams of the organisation's Kuomintang Chinese and Soviet *emigré* founders. The Kuomintang and their South Korean allies still bankroll the organisation.

Since 1983 Singlaub has fashioned the organisation into an efficient machine organising support for contra movements world-wide. A member of a Pentagon panel advising on unconventional warfare in Central America and a key figure in the campaign to get official US backing for the Nicaraguan FDN Contras, Singlaub himself was implicated last week in the case of Eugene Hasenfus, the US mercenary shot down over Nicaragua.

At last year's WACL conference in Dallas, RENAMO, the Nicaraguan FDN, the Afghan Mujahadeen and Cambodian guerrillas indiscreetly circulated highly detailed arms shopping lists. No such lists surfaced in Luxembourg, though there was much evidence of wheeler-dealing off the conference floor. This year no less than 12 guerrilla movements were either invited or represented including groups from non-Marxist countries like Burma, Iran and the Sikh separatists of Khalistan in India. Singlaub announced that WACL leaders from Ghana and India had been arrested on espionage charges, the former for involvement in last year's CIA coup attempt.

The representative of the FDN, Mario Calero, brother of FDN president Adolfo Calero, gave a detailed description of the contra command structure, quoting at length from a secret Pentagon report. Calero, a landowner during the Samoza dictatorship, thanked 'my dear General Singlaub' for financial and political aid. Singlaub's address to the conference set the tone. 'The freedom fighters of the world need our physical, moral and spiritual help. I hope and pray that we keep on giving it to them'. The leader of his US WACL branch crisply reported that they had raised over $400,000 for the Nicaraguan contras and donated two helicopters. At the same time they'd established a permanent representative in Pakistan 'to assess the needs of the Afghan freedom fighters'.

There was another group of 'freedom fighters' present at the Luxembourg WACL conference, just as they have been at every conference since the organisation was founded: the 'national liberation movements' of the various republics of the USSR and Eastern Europe. Many of these people collaborated with the Germans during World War II and their involvement is always a source of great controversy.

In 1973 the then-leader of the British WACL branch, former Conservative MP Geoffrey Stewart-Smith, pulled out. WACL, he said, was nothing less than 'a collection of Nazis, fascists, anti-semites, sellers of forgeries, vicious racialists, corrupt self-seekers, Kuomintang geriatrics and Ukrainian anti-Russian racialists.'

Shortly after becoming chairman Singlaub ordered the expulsion of a deeply anti-semitic Mexican group called Tecos who, with the blessing of WACL's Taiwanese paymasters, had become a major force within the League. 'These people are so anti-semitic', Singlaub said at the time, 'that they even think the Pope is a Jew'. The purge has been far from complete. I spoke to several members of Romanian WACL branch present at the Luxembourg conference. They confirmed that pre-war they'd all been leading members of the murderous Nazi-allied Iron Guard movement.

> ***'A group which might have been laughed off only a few years ago as a collection of ageing cranks has moved centre stage'***

'Those were great days', said Guardist leader Const-Radu Budisteau. 'There was a new spirit, we were building a new Europe'. The Guardists confirmed that they were all members of the Legion of St Michael, a Catholic-Integralist military order sharing much of the anti-semitic ideology of the Tecos. Budisteau, now a frail old man, was given respectful applause as he mounted the conference podium. Earlier, when speaking to me, he was gentle, avuncular, charming. On the platform he became manic, his eyes burning with hate, arms flailing as he ranted about the descent of decent European civilisation, 'Romanesque civilisation', into multi-racial 'barbarism'. The cause was the 'new European rulers' — 'You all know who I mean, even if you will not name them' he added with a triumphant growl.

East European *emigrés*, like the Romanian Iron Guardists, the equally murderous Croatian Ustachi, the Bulgarian National Front, 'Slovakians' and others, form an important goup within WACL. Organised together in the so-called Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations, they enjoy a close relationship with the CIA's propaganda radio stations beaming into the Soviet Bloc. By far the most important *emigré* group is the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists whose leader, until his death in July of this year, was Yaroslav Stetsko.

Stetsko's coffin was carried to the graveside by surviving members of the Ukrainian volunteer SS, the only SS unit to be commanded by a non-German. He had, briefly, been the Prime Minister of a 'Free Ukrainian Republic' during the Nazi occupation. 7,000 Jews were slaughtered in one week within the territory of Stetsko's 'Republic'. His widow, Slavia Stetsko, told me that the murders were carried out by 'undisciplined elements' and not by Ukrainian forces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Despite claims to the contrary, extremist elements like the Romanian Iron Guardists and Ukrainian collaborators remain prominent in the League. So do officials of the 'Moonie' cult. At least two key Moon organisers were present at the Luxembourg conference, namely Yves Cygnac and Osami Kuboki. Cygnac is head of the European wing of Moon's political front, CAUSA. CAUSA-Europe opened for business in Paris last year and immediately threw itself into a political campaign in support of Jean-Marie Le Pen's neo-fascist National Front. Le Pen's estranged wife claims that a considerable proportion of the Front's funds now come from Moon. In return several French Moon cultists stood for parliament on the Front ticket, and one was elected to represent Lille.

Osami Kuboki has been a key Moon organiser since the 1960s, serving simultaneously as the head of the Japanese Unification Church and leader of the International Federation for the Extermination of Communism, the quaintly titled Japanese WACL branch.

The World Anti-Communist League, with close links to the intelligence agencies of a dozen countries, enormous funds placed at its disposal by the governments of Taiwan and Korea, and leaders who once enjoyed the patronage of Nazi Germany, now co-ordinates contra guerrillas in more than a dozen countries. A group which might have been laughed off only a few years ago as a collection of ageing cranks has moved centre stage. The Reagan Administration has publicly endorsed WACL leaders like Yaroslav Stetsko and, most importantly, given the green light to Singlaub's covert warfare strategy. □

Just one more year?

Kaunda believes it could be only one more year now to 'resolution' of the apartheid anguish in South Africa.
DAVID TERESHCHUK ***plots the manoeuvres by which the UK and USA are beginning to touch the ANC's hand — and what the ANC might do when Pretoria falls***

ON 'ANY QUESTIONS' (BBC Radio 4, two weeks ago) trade minister John Butcher denounced the African National Congress of South Africa as 'full-blown Communists' committed to violent revolution. He was echoing the sentiments of many Conservative back-benchers but seriously missed the tone currently being set by his more senior colleagues in government, notably the Foreign Secretary. Sir Geoffrey Howe appeared on ITV this week to say: 'The ANC is a key participant in discussions about the future of South Africa. So are many other organisations — I can't tell you who they all are. But the ANC is important. The way ahead is for the South African government to set free the political leaders who are in prison, remove the proscription on political organisations, including the ANC.'

Mrs Thatcher's nominee on the Commonwealth mission to southern Africa — the uncomfortably named Eminent Persons' Group — was former Chancellor Lord Barber; he too now marches to a different tune from the Conservative backwoodsmen when he reflects on the Group's meetings with the ANC leadership, and in particular with the jailed leader Nelson Mandela: 'I found him a most remarkable man. I'm absolutely convinced he's not a communist.'

Overall Her Majesty's Government has come a long way in its relations with the ANC over the last year. The journey has passed from a discussion at merely officials' level in Zambia last September, through a cordial meeting between ANC President Oliver Tambo and junior minister Lynda Chalker in June of this year, to the fully-fledged hospitality of Sir Geoffrey himself being extended to Tambo (much to the disgust and dismay of the Tory right) at the Foreign Secretary's official country residence of Chevening just over a month ago.

This reversal of the previous 'we-don't-talk-to-terrorists' stance has its mirror-image in Washington, with US Under-Secretary for African affairs Chester Crocker already meeting with Oliver Tambo, and Secretary-of-State George Shultz due to see him soon in Africa. Such international recognition has been worked for long and hard by the ANC. While Sir Geoffrey Howe might weigh his words carefully and decline to speculate publicly on the ANC's future role in a post-apartheid South Africa, others in the international community (and especially, from the ranks of Western governments, the Scandinavians) are already openly supportive, both diplomatically and financially.

Jan Orlander, ambassador to Zambia from Sweden, which bankrolls the ANC to the tune of £5 million annually, told me: 'They will either be the next government, or be very influential in the next government of South Africa. They are the ones representing the majority of the black people in South Africa, and that is the main reason for our support to them.' A government-in-waiting (if *that is indeed what the ANC now is*) *ought of* course to have a well-prepared programme for government ready and waiting for implementation when it takes over. In the *New Statesman* of 12 September, Michael Attwell provided some perceptive analysis about how the mechanics of transition to majority rule might be arranged and what difficulties might face a future ANC government. But we remain largely uninformed about precisely what policies such an ANC administration would try to bring in.

The best available authority from which to work remains The Freedom Charter, the set of claims passed clause by clause at the Congress of the People, the remarkable mixed-race gathering of 3,000 delegates who came together at Kliptown, near Johannesburg in June 1955. The delegates were drawn from, among other organisations, the ANC, the Indian Congress, the Congress of Democrats (white), and the so-called 'Coloured' People's Organisation. The Freedom Charter has retained its status as the ANC's essential manifesto; but it appears a trifle vague as well as being (perhaps inevitably) rather quaint and old-fashioned in its phrasing.

The ANC is under pressure to update and make more precise its policy positions, and work is currently in progress; something like a definitive document can be expected to appear by the end of this year. In the meantime senior members of the movement fob off any detailed probing with the perhaps understandable response that, as a banned organisation in their own country, they find proper consultation with their future electorate difficult. 'We will put detailed policy choices to the people — after freedom comes' is a repeated refrain.

NONETHELESS some broad brush-strokes shaping the outline of a future democratic, non-racist, South Africa can be discerned. The Freedom Charter says: 'The national wealth of our country, the heritage of all South Africans, shall be restored to the people. The mineral wealth beneath the soil, the banks, and monopoly industry shall be transferred to the people as a whole.' Oliver Tambo has tried to clarify these pieces of rhetoric by stressing that: 'We do not want to destroy the capitalist system . . . we envisage a mixed economy in which *some* [our emphasis] of the industries will be controlled and owned by the State — as happens in many countries — and the rest by private ownership'.

Tambo has in his targets the (relatively few in number) massive industrial and/or mining *combines in South Africa, and he offers both* social justice and *Realpolitik* as the reasoning behind the ANC's commitment to nationalisation. 'The motive behind it is to ensure a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the country. We are looking at it purely from a pragmatic point of view. Can you have a government which sustains the present system of distribution? We say such a government would not last in our country. Ultimately the decision must be taken by the people in a democratic manner. The ANC says: let's nationalise some of these conglomerates.'

Tambo's conciliatory tone has elicited a warmish response from at last some of the captains of industry. A delegation of them flew to meet Tambo in Zambia last year, led by Gavin Relly, successor to Harry Oppenheimer as head of the giant Anglo-American Corporation — surely one of the conglomerates Tambo has in his sights.

While skirting away from the awkward details of nationalisation itself, Relly expressed to us some appreciation of Tambo's stress on the need for economic re-distribution: 'The common

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whisper it: Labour's sorry historic record on Namibia

IN 1949 a Labour back-bencher named Lipson lamented in the House of Commons to a Foreign Office under secretary: 'Would it not have been more in accordance with the British traditions of championing the weak if His Majesty's Government had not taken refuge behind a technical point?' The Labour minister, Christopher Mayhew, had just explained why the British representative at the United Nations had voted with South Africa to refuse a hearing to the Rev Michael Scott, who knew much about the maltreatment of Namibia's blacks. 'May .I ask,' continued the idealistic Lipson, 'for an assurance that in future the policy of the government will be influenced by justice and not by political expediency?'

Labour started badly. In 1946 Clem Attlee agreed to back General Jan Smuts' plan to absorb South West Africa, now Namibia, into South Africa. The attempt failed, but no thanks to Britain. Throughout the subsequent 13 Tory years Britain voted or abstained with the other European colonial powers to prevent black Namibians from speaking in its committees. Always, it was argued, the UN Charter did not allow it.

Hugh Gaitskell as Leader of the Opposition was a decided improvement on Attlee in government. In 1960 he asked Macmillan's ministers 'to make it plain that they will support the decisions and recommendations of the World Court on the matter [of SWA] whatever they be?' The Hague International Court of Justice had been trying to decide whether the mandate over South West Africa granted to Pretoria by the old League of Nations had been inherited by the new United Nations. If not, South Africa was free to do as it pleased.

In one parliamentary question, George Thomson, the future Commonwealth Secretary, complained of Britain's abstention in the Security Council over efforts to get negotiations going in SWA. In December 1960, James Callaghan, leading off a major debate on the territory, spoke of 'increasing oppression and slavery', adding that 'the House would be astonished if I were to go through all the resolutions on which we have managed to abstain.' He too insisted that the government 'accept the decision of the International Court when it is handed down'.

In that same debate, the future Lord Chancellor, Elwyn Jones, argued powerfully that Britain had 'a direct and legal responsibility' for the territory. The party's 1964 election manifesto complained of Britain being found 'time and time again . . . in the ranks of the abstentionists on vital issues of freedom and racial equality.' Everything was boiling up for an historical change of course under Labour.

BUT it was not to be. On 27 October 1966, in perhaps the most important UN vote of the Wilson years, Britain abstained in the General Assembly on the issue of revoking South Africa's mandate over South West Africa. The other abstentionists were De Gaulle's France and Dr Banda's Malawi (at least Wilson did not join South Africa and fascist Portugal in voting against). The rest of the world, the United States among them, voted yes.

Britain's ambassador, Hugh Foot, now Lord Caradon, had to cast that ignominous non-vote. Soon after the Conservatives were returned to power he called on the government to abandon their 'negative stand on a doubtful legal interpretation of the United Nations Charter, and to take action not to protect the position and interests of the South African government, but to help the Namibians in their endeavour to achieve their freedom.' The Tories felt free to ignore such suggestions.

Tony Benn, Wilson's technology minister, was the second unfortunate trendsetter, signing a deal to buy uranium from the Rio-Tinto Zinc mine in the Namib Desert. Later, when a new Foreign Secretary, Alec Douglas-Home, was asked to cancel the contract, the questioner was referred to 'his own Front Bench', which had authorised the project. Britain's approach was heavily influenced by the Foreign Office legal adviser, Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice. He was in at the beginning, first as a legal adviser when the UN was set up, then as British counsel at the Hague, and for 13 years until his retirement in 1973, as an International Court Judge. His conservative outlook on matters like Namibia has had a profound impact on British thinking.

In 1971, a majority decision of the International Court confirmed that the UN had been competent to terminate the mandate five years before. Sir Gerald's 100-page dissenting judgement began: 'Although I respect the humanitarian sentiments and the avowed concern for the welfare of the peoples of SW Africa which so clearly underlie the Opinion of the Court, in this case, I cannot as a jurist accept the reasoning on which it is based.'

With Jim Callaghan Foreign Secretary in 1974, backbenchers eagerly awaited his review. Another let-down . . . gone were the allegations of 'slavery', forgotten the plea 14 years before to respect the decision of the Hague Court, rejected the request to cancel the uranium contract. Then in January 1976, with South African troops fighting to overthrow the newly-installed government of Angola, and launching their ruinous decade of destabilising the sub-continent, David Ennals, a Foreign Office minister, rejected a call for Britain to invoke Chapter VII of the UN Charter, which would label Pretoria a threat to the peace and thus liable to expulsion from the world body.

These days the Labour Party, from Neil and Glenys Kinnock down, taking in Denis Healey, is calling for tough action on South Africa. Perhaps a Labour government would recognise the 1974 UN Decree forbidding the exploitation of Namibia's natural resources, thereby rendering Rio-Tinto Zinc liable to prosecution in a British court. And swiftly reject the policy invented by Reagan, and admired by Thathcer, of linking Namibian independence to the withdrawal of Cuban troops from Angola.

Denis Herbstein

ground was that we all want a better, more equitable country . . . a better distribution of resources for education, health services and better housing for the underprivileged — a whole host of issues which might be expected to be common cause among sensible people.'

The gradually burgeoning black business community has had its own heart-searching. As they observe the deepening — and now often violent — rifts between the more radical blacks and those with some kind of a stake in the present system, black businessmen have made their moves towards an accommodation with the ANC. The director of the African Bank and president of the Federated African Chambers of Commerce, Sam Motsuenyana, told us: 'I am not particularly apprehensive of an ANC government in South Africa. We are going to negotiate a new policy that would give recognition to the ideal of freedom for all people and this will apply to the political sphere as well as to the economy.'

On civil and political rights, the ANC is clear about what it does *not* want. It steers determindedly away from any concept of power-sharing, despite recent murmurings from the thinking Afrikaaner establishment. The ANC is, after all, committed to one-person-one-vote in a unitary state. According to Thabo Mbeki, political secretary to Oliver Tambo and often tipped as his successor: 'Power-sharing suggests to us the continued fragmentation of our people. The ANC would be very much in favour of a bill of rights, but entrenching the rights of individuals, not the rights of groups, because those groups would be defined in the same way that the apartheid structure is defined today.'

One important racial group — the Zulus — could present great difficulties to an ANC goverment. But Mbeki remains adamant that Kwazulu's Chief Gatsha Buthelezi (a 'fully salaried employee of the apartheid regime') could expect to have no reserved position in any post-apartheid arrangements which the ANC negotiated. 'I don't think the ANC would say Buthelezi should not participate. But he must sit on the same side of the table as President. Botha. He is part of the present state machinery.'

For the ANC, the momentum is now increasing. One of the ANC's staunchest supporters within Africa, Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, believes that only one more year remains before the final resolution. The ANC's own expectations, as voiced by Thabo Mbeki, are more circumspect:

> We are all of us inspired by the confidence that victory is in sight. That's what accounts for the willingness of the people to engage in struggle every day. There's that great feeling that we are winning. Can't put a date to it, but it's coming. Surely it must — soon.

David Tereshchuk's documentary history of the ANC was shown on ITV this Tuesday 28 October.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRENT

This isn't the way to deal with racism

The left's embarrassed, the right's having a field day — how can anything as desirable as equal opportunities policies lead to seeming injustice towards a teacher by black leaders in a London Borough?

JOLYON JENKINS *reports*

'DO YOU CARE,' I asked Russell Profitt, Brent council's principal race relations adviser, 'if your policies cause a white backlash?'

There was a long pause. He sighed. 'It's a problem for white people.'

'It's a problem for black people, too,' I said.

Another pause.

'If I was to say I wasn't worried about backlash, it would mean that I didn't care about false analysis that is being offered, and I *do* care about that. Because I think it has a potential for undermining what needs to be done. It seems to me that white people cannot be happy about living with racism, and if they want to see changes happen then they have to take a moral stand against the racists within their community. And throughout this fusillage of criticism we are getting from sections of the white media, I really don't see many white poeple putting themselves out to say "we think that what is happening here is a classic case of society in moral panic, attempting to deflect away real consideration of the issues of concern".'

Profitt is a more autonomous and central figure in Brent council than local government officers generally are. He's also an important Labour politician in his own right, both as a black sections campaigner and candidate for Lewisham East. Since 1982 he's been influential in developing Brent's equal opportunities policy for both Labour and Conservative-Liberal councillors.

He accepts that the council has a problem, to put it mildly, with its PR — it spends too much time on the defensive, trying to put toothpaste back in the tube. The story in the *Mail on Sunday* two weeks ago on 'Race Spies in Schools' was a classic example of what not to do. The *MoS* telephoned Brent education chair Ron Anderson on the Friday before publication to get his comments: he said he was too busy to talk to them. Perhaps (as he now says) it wouldn't have done any good; it does make it difficult for him to complain of misrepresentation.

But the affair of Mrs Maureen McGoldrick, the Brent headteacher suspended in July for allegedly making a racist remark in a phone call to the council, goes deeper than PR. There is, surely, something a bit strange when a local council says that to work for it you need 'empathy' for its policies. There would be rumblings in Whitehall if the government insisted on empathy as a condition of employment in the civil service. But you need it in Brent: empathy, sensitivity and awareness towards the council's equal opportunities policy are essential features in the selection criteria, says the infamous 'little red book' — Brent's code of practice on equal opportunities.

You don't need to believe the falsehoods and halftruths of the tabloids to be worried that the central problem in Brent — as shown by the McGoldrick case — is that the council cares less about what you do than about what you think, or what it thinks you think. Another example from the red book: job interviews 'should on all occasions be used as a vehicle to *promote* the equal opportunity policy *and to test the candidate's view of it.*' (our italics).

Some of the trouble seems to stem from Brent's view of racism. It appears to be based on a (now) rather old-fashioned orthodoxy from the left, which claims, to repeat Profitt's phrase, that racism is 'a problem for white people.' A famous polemical broadcast by Salman Rushdie on Channel 4 in December 1982 concluded that the real issue for whites was 'the business of facing up to and eradicating the prejudices within almost all of you.' The GLC expressed some of this in its anti-racism campaign; 'if you're not part of the solution you're part of the problem.'

What's dangerous, from Brent's point of view, is that the new right has developed its own version of that theme. It has substituted genetic inheritance for social inheritance, and argued, using dubious sociobiology, that racism is 'natural' — *something we're born with.*

For example, Ray Honeyford, who wrote in the *TES* of 'the tendency we all have, whatever our colour, to adopt a narrow and rejecting view of others'. Writing in the *Manchester Evening News* on 16 September this year, he approached it from an illuminatingly different angle: 'The problem of the racial bigot is a moral one. It is for each and every one of us to treat his fellows with the respect and dignity they deserve — colour and race have nothing to do with a person's humanity.' So on that analysis, racism is a natural tendency, but we have to struggle against it as individual moral beings. It's because the two analyses of racism are so close together — both see it as a form of original sin — that they engage with such ferocity in the press. The tabloids attack Brent because they think they understand its policies.

IN THEIR LOATHING for the entire 'Race Relations Industry', the right and the tabloids fail to spot significant differences in method and ideology. For example, Linda Bellos, Lambeth council's black leader, has an approach as uncompromising as Brent's, though apparently quite different. Policies don't change people's attitudes, I suggested to her. 'So?' she replied. 'As long as people do their jobs I don't give a damn. What their attitudes are is completely irrelevant. If we are clear about what we want them to do and they are clear about what it is they have to do, then they are measured by their ability to do that job, not what their attitude to it is.' As for empathy: 'As a former professional officer of a council, I do not know how to measure empathy, and in order to operate a coherent equal opportunities approach, one has to have a measurable criteria.'

If some of that sounds unpleasantly authoritarian and illiberal (not that Bellos would necessarily want to be seen as liberal), try this analogy: stopping vandals on system-built council housing estates is almost impossible if all you try to change is the vandals. But much of the current thinking says that this is the wrong approach. If instead you change the *estates* — divide up walkways, create individual front gardens — then you can 'design out crime'. The Bellos approach can be seen similarly, as an attempt to *design out* racism, by removing the conditions under which it flourishes.

By marshalling the facts carefully, it's possible to create, as I've just done, a Brent-Lambeth dichotomy: Brent cares about what you think, Lambeth cares about what you do. Subjective versus objective. In fact, the two councils are much closer together than this suggests. Like Bellos, Profitt stresses the importance of objective structures and procedures to deal with racial disadvantage. 'The council passed an "equal opportunities policy" in 1980, but it was really just a form of words. Black councillors in particular were saying that paper declarations were not enough. So my first task was to set out in a more objective way issues of concern to black people and set that in a more strategic context. That meant drawing up a code of practice on recruitment and selection, and procedural guidelines on dealing with allegations of racism or racial harassment.'

How much does Profitt care about the attitudes of council employees? More than Bellos: 'One can't dismiss attitudes, particularly when people are dealing with the public. But we take the view that attitude change is very difficult to achieve, which is why our emphasis is on behaviour and structures, and making people aware of what our

---

ROGER WODDIS

Arrow in the foot

Jeffrey Archer's country home is the Old Vicarage at Grantchester, once occupied by Rupert Brooke

Ah God! to know I've caused a stir
That brought the hacks to Grantchester!
To smell the stories rank and rotten,
The indiscretions best forgotten,
To hear Conservative MPs
Sobbing for their majorities.
Say, do those members dare to stand,
Still guardians of this holy land?
Can all the novels that I've sold
Exceed the tales that will be told?
And will the theme of Mrs T.
Still be the old morality?
And, hoisted on dilemma's horn,
Should I now sue the Sunday Porn?
Or should I simply play it cool,
And say I've been a bloody fool?
And laugh to know this scandal will
Mean still more tenners in the till?
Should I, vice-chairman, have resigned?
Is vice what Maggie had in mind?
And will the public soon forget
The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there money still for me?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expectations are.'

THIS KIND of bureaucratic, get-it-all-into-a-code approach can be effective.

Lambeth, for example, increased its proportion of black employees from 5 per cent to 30 per cent in seven years this way. But it doesn't necessarily design out conflict, particularly if the code still makes concessions to subjectivity. For example, Brent's rule no 10 of appendix F (interviews) says: 'If any member of an interviewing panel considers that discrimination . . . has occurred in the interview, he/she must immediately notify the Chair . . . who may decide either to suspend the proceedings or advise the panel to disregard that part of the interview. If the matter is not resolved, no selection decision should be reached until the matter has been considered by the Chief Officer . . .' It's not hard to see that rule causing problems; and it did, last month when a Tory councillor, Maureen Geldman, said she had been accused by another member of an interviewing panel of 'racist body language' for shuffling her papers and looking at her watch towards the end of an interview.

> ***'Surely the whole idea of policies is to help people move along? People don't change overnight just because you've got a policy. As a teacher I know the best way to change people is to bring them along with you'***

If an employee makes a complaint of racism against another employee, then a race adviser will counsel the complainant. Another adviser will be part of the management team which hears the complaint. The rules specify that they must be different advisers — but is that sufficiently even-handed?

Clearly, details of policy and codification still have pitfalls to be smoothed over, but the way the council implements those policies is also pretty questionable. Some of Brent's teachers worry that the council takes far too confrontational and combative an approach. According to local teacher and NUT executive member Frances Braithwaite, it tends to assume you're guilty of racism until proved innocent. She says she's 100 per cent behind the policies, but 'surely the whole idea of policies is to help people move along. People don't change overnight just because you've got a policy. As a teacher I know the best way to change people is to bring them along with you. I know that the people who are most vunerable in Brent are those who want to implement the policies — because they are the people who are leaping forward, trying to change things in their schools. Maybe they're making mistakes, but who doesn't?'

Certainly not the council; but it would be easier to forgive it its unintentional trespasses if it would forgive those it thinks have trespassed against it. □

FAST WITH OXFAM NOVEMBER 7/8/9

IF YOU GAVE to Live Aid, ran for Sport Aid, or contributed to any of the appeals for Africa during the last two years, you should know that famine relief alone cannot solve the problems of world hunger.

We need **effective aid** which puts the real needs of the poor **first**. And we need international action to solve the debt crisis. Unless we improve the Terms of Trade in favour of poor countries, hunger and poverty will continue to increase and more famine will follow.

SCANDAL

Over the weekend of November 7–9 Oxfam will be exposing a scandal to the British public, and we need you to help us.

Did you know that for every £1 that we gave to Africa last year through Government and voluntary donations the West took back £2 in debt payments?

So while we ran, sang and appealed for money for African countries caught in the grip of famine, our governments, our financial institutions and our banks were extracting debt payments from those same countries. By the end of the year these amounted to £5,000 million exactly **twice as much** as the money the world gave in relief aid!

FAST FOR CHANGE

On November 7, 8 and 9 we'll be **Fasting For Change** to raise urgently needed funds for our development work overseas. At the same time we will be saying to our government:

- **It's time to end the scandal of the debt crisis.**
- **It's time for fair trade.**
- **It's time for aid that PREVENTS hunger.**
- **It's time for us to become part of the solution instead of part of the problem.**

Please join us. **We need you** — your voice, your support, your compassion. **Fill in the coupon now. Send off for your copy of Oxfam's report *'For Richer For Poorer'* and ask for details of the Fast Weekend.**

DON'T STOP THE GIVING — STOP THE TAKING

I support OXFAM'S third Hungry for Change FAST

- ☐ I'll fast. Please send my name to my local organiser.
- ☐ I enclose £2.50 (inc. p&p) for my copy of Oxfam's report.
- ☐ I cannot fast but send me details of Hungry for Change.
- ☐ I enclose a donation of £____

To get FAST details fast, contact your area OXFAM organiser through your local phone directory.

HUNGRY FOR CHANGE · FAST · NOV. 7, 8 or 9

OXFAM

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

_____ Postcode _____

Send to: Oxfam, Room NS16, FREEPOST, Oxford, OX2 7BR.

FAST WITH OXFAM NOV. 7/8/9

Oxfam works with poor people in their struggle against hunger, disease, exploitation and poverty in Africa, Asia, Latin-America and the Middle East through relief, development, research and public education.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rehabilitation of Harold Wilson

DAVID WALKER *proposes the old master's re-admission into Labour's hall of fame*

HAROLD WILSON'S latest set of memoirs* probably marks the nadir of his historical reputation. It is time the revisionists got to work.

They surely will, as a matter of demography. Wilson's place in history, until now, has been in the hands of commentators who, literally or metaphorically, were *young* in 1964, and had hopes. A cohort, large in absolute and relative numbers, passed from 1964 to 1970 through the years of political impressionability. They were Wilson's children, motivated by memory of that most painful of wounds, the death of the first political allegiance. A generation weaned in their grammar school classrooms on the purple prose of Michael Shank's *The Stagnant Society* were bound to apply tests of unusual stringency to the Wilson government.

Events will come to the rescue of Wilson's reputation; they have already. Viewed through the prism of politics and economics as they are in 1986, the 1964-70 government appears much more positively than in 1976.

Appreciation of the Wilson years, and Wilson's leadership of an ideologically fissile party, must have changed in the light, first, of that stellar event on the left, the formation of the SDP. Linked to this is the subsequent or at least post-1983 attempt by Mr Neil Kinnock to present Labour as a convincing party of national government, partly by means of closure on the left.

A second element in the revision has been the advent of Mrs Thatcher in 1979 — high hopes, bright eyes — and the mounting evidence seven years on that few if any of the structural problems of either the British economy or the civil constitution have been solved, let alone tackled.

The point can be made from any one of the series of economic aggregates. Take real earnings and their growth, unsupported by productivity gains or improvements in national output. 'Paying ourselves more than we earn' has been a politician's cry since the latter 1950s: what has changed between 1966 and 1986 is the degree to which it is ignored. A similar point could be made about the competitiveness of the economy.

It will not do to argue that the policy changes made by Mrs Thatcher are necessarily long-term in their effects. There is every good reason to plot the successful realisation of a number of Wilson policies after 1970 (for example towards balance of payments equilibrium) — had the electorate not decided otherwise.

The Wilson government patently did not arrest Britain's post-war decline (as measured by share of trade, or comparative GNP per head). But neither did its successors, including Mrs Thatcher's. One-to-one comparisons of administrations probably do not count for much. Yet it is worth remembering how impressive, despite all the disappointments of Wilsonian macro-economic management, was output and growth and trading performance over the six-year period.

THE CONVENTIONAL scorecard for Harold Wilson's first government gives him plus points as a political manager and impresario. It was not just a question of his succeeding Gaitskell and holding a divided party together but of bonding — by 1964 — shadow cabinet, Parliamentary Party and party at large into something like a single political entity.

Wilson himself spoke of the need to keep the Labour Party carriage trundling along so quickly that the occupants were too giddy to have time to look out. His detractors spoke of a Huyton *Führerprinzip* — Harold Wilson became the Labour Party. Either way the inherent contradictions in party ideology were forgotten. There has been no higher tribute to Wilson's political methodology than that paid recently by Neil Kinnock — by imitation of his political arts.

Keith Middlemas has argued — in *Power, Competition and the State* — that it was only between 1963 and 1968 that Wilson's party supremacy deep-froze the incompatibility between the socialist aspiration to replace capitalism with a new order and the practical politics of living in and adjusting to capitalism. In this argument, *In Place of Strife* was a juncture — it showed the ideological turbulence Wilson was otherwise managing to control.

Yet this is to underestimate Wilson's achievement, notably in re-educating the party in the limits of politics. Wilson's great ambition, as he frequently said, was to make Labour the natural party of government. All British governments have, since 1911, been conservative — perhaps *must* be conservative. Wilson's achievement was to re-cast Labour as a successful conservative party.

That is not an oxymoron. A phrase attributed to Lord Morrison of Lambeth says that socialism is 'what a Labour government does'. The Wilson government 1964-70 realised the maxim. Ideology was replaced by — look at the great number of royal commissions during those years — the civilised and reformist instincts of patricians and experts. It was replaced, in part, by prime ministerial whim — but issuing in Wilson's case from a genuine provincial, an authentic voice of non-metropolitan Britain, perhaps the first to be heard in Downing Street since Lloyd George. Socialism was replaced by Wilson's roots in such British cultural universals as 'doing something for the underdog/old people'.

Because of the apparent influence on Mrs Thatcher of self-conscious ideologies, writers and advisers, claiming an internally coherent view of the world, Thatcherism has been coined as the ruling doctrine of the 1980s, albeit one observed more in the breach than in politics adopted by Mrs Thatcher's government.

Neither during the 1960s or since would it have appeared anything but outlandish to ascribe to Harold Wilson an 'ism'. 'Wilsonian', yes, referring to Wilson's demeanour and such tools of his mass media image as pipe and Gannex. Yet there *was* an 'ism', his own coinage, 'pragmatism'. It meant Harold Wilson's personal response to events, taking into account state of party, Parliament, the advice of courtiers and bureaucrats, even (as he often claimed) the weather — in short and empirical response to happening events that served an immediate end of equilibrium maintenance. Wilson's first prime ministership was a model for Oakshottians.

ALL POST-WAR prime ministers must be judged, in part, on how well they managed the inevitable decline of the nation. Conventional wisdom gives Wilson low marks, for example, for the three years of economic disruption caused by the decision in 1964 not to devalue the pound. The decision was made by a man in government in 1949 who lived through the trauma of devaluation and for whom the external value of the currency had almost thaumaturgical powers. And yet was not the sight of Wilson's struggling and the pain of eventual defeat *educational* for a nation then as now suffering from delusions of potency? Wilson's handling of Rhodesia's unilateral declaration of independence in 1965 was of course unheroic: but again it had educational value as a demonstration of national military impotence a decade after Suez.

Perhaps the Falklands episode showed those lessons had not been absorbed. Or perhaps British military involvement with small colonial islands obeys another logic. Wilson succumbed to it in 1969 when, amid national ribaldry, he ordered the invasion of the Caribbean island of Anguilla by a troop of bobbies. Yet even that was a less costly and more enduring lesson in the decline of British power than the taking of Goose Green. □

"I WAS BORN WITH SOMEBODY ELSE'S SILVER SPOON IN MY MOUTH."

This is an excerpt from a paper to be given at the inaugural conference of the Institute of Contemporary History in Oxford on 31 October. Papers given at this conference will be published next summer as Ruling Performance, *ed. Peter Hennessy and Anthony Seldon (Basil Blackwell).*

Memoirs 1918-1964: The Making of a Prime Minister, Weidenfeld/Michael Joseph, 1986.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Practice what you preach, Jeff & Co.

JOHN MERRITT ***of the* Daily Mirror** ***is no stranger to scandal stories: his piece in Monday's* Mirror** ***was the fullest account of how rival* News of the World** ***got the Archer story. Here, he admits the means used take some justifying — but says the* NoW** ***was right to print***

IF THE *News of the Screws* hadn't set a snare for Jeffrey Archer, the 'Tory boss in the vice girl link' would have stayed just Fleet Street gossip. Claims originating from a prostitute and one of her clients were being increasingly whispered in newspaper circles. It was a story no paper could prove, or publish — dinner party conversation:

'Well of course, you know about Jeffrey Archer don't you?'

The allegations would have been put on what the press calls a back burner, joining unprintable hints, true and untrue, about other political figures and people in the public eye. Instead the *News of the World* turned up the heat and changed the ingredients to provide a tasty story. Archer's loyal wife was right when she said: 'My husband was set up.'

Was the *News of the World* right to do it?

Something very close to blackmail was cooked up and Archer offered the prostitute money to leave the country. But, stage-managed by her newspaper paymasters, she returned his cash. In the eyes of those assaulted by these details, Archer had a far greater reputation to lose than a popular press where respect is measured in circulation figures. Sex scandals sell newspapers — as sex sells anything from drinks to washing machines. But readers' demand for that brand of entertainment is a purely commercial matter, with no place in journalism.

What means are justified?

Unproved allegations about Archer were turned into a story as much about hypocrisy, lying and a 'top person's' fall from grace as it was about sex. And that, in newspapers, is all good stuff. Indeed, it's significant that the *News of the World* didn't illustrate its pages with pictures of 'topless vice girl Monica'. (Such pictures were taken as almost a first step in their investigation.)

Any national newspaper, presented with the dubious claims initially made about Archer and touted for money, would have made some effort to check those claims, in varying degrees. Any leads would have been followed up. The informants and their motives would have been checked as far as possible. As a rule, you don't want to pay someone who could end up giving evidence for you in court. Fleet Street may be far from pure but witnesses in defence of libel actions are preferred as clean as possible.

I would be surprised to hear that any major newspaper investigation has ever been accomplished without a lot of lying. Straightforward approaches don't work with people determined to conceal the truth. The extent of the deception depends upon the story, what you can get away with legally and, optional, personal and moral considerations. The means employed by the *News of the World* against Archer take a lot of justifying. If the police were caught out adopting any similar approach to their task there would probably be a national scandal in the pages of the Press. And the often bandied phrase, 'Justified in the public interest', is, according to one senior newspaper lawyer: 'No more than a vague sort of feel'.

Yet, having done their deeds, the end product — a massive story — *must* be told, on two counts at least:

First, it is something which clearly mattered a great deal to Archer himself. Caught with his trousers down, but not his underwear, he totally denies any relationship with the prostitute. But, he admitted: 'Any publicity of this kind would be extremely harmful to me.' Secondly, the Moral Majority movement is growing as a vote-catcher in Britain. Tory chairman Norman Tebbit has re-invented the evil entity, known as the Permissive Society. All around us there are calls for a return to 'traditional values' and 'standards of moral decency'.

'In England, a man who can't talk morality twice a week to a large, popular, immoral audience is quite over as a serious politician' — thus Oscar Wilde, a man much maligned by journalists. Take Wilde or Tebbit seriously and where does that leave Jeffrey Archer?

In one of Archer's best-sellers an MP has a relationship with a prostitute. Fleet Street gets the whisper and a reporter faces the up and coming politician with the vice girl's claims. A meeting is arranged with the MP's lawyer who admits it all. But the 'fair journalist' lays off. 'Fleet Street are not quite the bunch of shits everyone imagines them to be', the book tells us. The MP goes on to become Prime Minister. Jeffrey Archer's literary research is lacking there. As a gentleman of the Press I would probably have tape-recorded the solicitor. I mean, he might later deny it might he not?

And if that evidence had found its way on to a back burner, I would have made sure that, the first time the politician started spouting about 'moral decency', it would have been served up. □

See also page 4.

WHY PAY FOR THE **NEW STATESMAN** IF YOU CAN GET IT **FREE** FOR 3 MONTHS?

If you're not already a subscriber and you use this form to take out a subscription to the **New Statesman**, we'll send it to you completely free for 3-months.
That by itself is worth £10, but there's more.
If before the end of your free period you decide you don't want to continue with your subscription, write and let us know. We'll cancel your order immediately and refund any payment you have made.

So you can't lose.
And there's even more. Subscriptions are a cheaper way of getting the Statesman than buying it in the shops — almost 15% cheaper.

So you're saving money.
Fill in the form.

Offer applies to individuals resident in the UK or Eire only.

Name_____
Address_____
_____
_____
_____ **Postcode**_____

Length of Subscription (Tick one)
☐ 1 year @ £40.00
☐ 6 months @ £20.00

Return to New Statesman Subscriptions, Freepost, London EC1B 1EB.
(No stamp is needed if posted in the UK.)

Payment Methods (complete one) EY4

Credit Card
Please charge my credit card number
☐ Access ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Expiry date_____

Signed_____ **Date**_____

☎ To place your order by telephone call 01-253 2001 with your credit card details.

Cheque/postal order
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little local difficulty down in Oxford

It's hard to tell the story of the Ruskin row in a way which strips the narrative of pejoratives and positives.

JOHN LLOYD *tries*

THE BALDEST facts underlying the row at Ruskin show this: David Selbourne, tutor in politics at Ruskin College, Oxford — 'the college of the labour movement' — wrote an article for *The Times* on 26 March (about Militant in Liverpool). His students, many of them active trade unionists, objected to this breach of the 'picket line' during the protests being mounted by News International's sacked printers: they called on him to apologise, which he refused to do; they then boycotted his lectures. The college authorities objected to the boycott but did not discipline the students. Selbourne ended the academic year without attendance at his previously popular lectures.

On 27 June, the Ruskin executive — composed substantially of trade union officials and nominees — discussed the case and the minuted result of the discussion was censorious of Selbourne. At the beginning of the present term, he was assigned students, but none attended lectures. Selbourne is now considering taking legal action against Ruskin, possibly for repudiation of his contract, or for constructive dismissal.

This quietly ferocious struggle was dragged into the light on 14 October, when Hugo Young, in a piece of bravura writing ('Unquiet goes the Don'), revealed Selbourne as the victim of corporate tyranny on the part of the students, and of at best inadequate support from the college authorities. It has been a contentious account: those opposing it in print — notably Raphael Samuel and Stephen Howe, both Ruskin tutors — have argued that Selbourne *was* supported in his efforts to teach, that the students *were* opposed in their demands that he 'repent or resign' — but that, in the end, the students had as much freedom to boycott as Selbourne to write for *The Times*, and that he refused reasonable compromise.

The issue has split Oxford academic life. Last Wednesday, at one of its few quorate meetings in years, the Oxford students' union debated a motion of support for Selbourne's academic freedom in an excited frenzy — and defeated it by 200 votes to 149. (It has also split the *Guardian*: Young has been opposed by Richard Gott, the paper's features editor).

Young, in a further piece, 'A new chapter . . .' 21 Oct, attacked Ruskin, harder, asking the college executive why it did not 'insist that in an educational institution, trade union rights should . . . be qualified by academic freedom'. *The Times*, in a leader (16 Oct.), pointed the dagger at the Labour Party, demanding it condemn the events at Ruskin. In *NS* last week (24 Oct.), Paul Hirst, Professor of Politics at Birkbeck College, wrote from the left to underscore Selbourne's — and the left's — *need* for academic freedom. (By contrast, the *Spectator*, in a diary item by Peregrine Worsthorne, dismissed the issue by saying that Selbourne should have known better than to do such a thing in a labour movement stronghold, and that he should have long since resigned).

YOUNG, ONE of the best writers on political issues of our day, has made a fine case for Selbourne. However, the case *against* should be put from outside, too.

Ruskin, because of the relative antiquity of its foundation (late 19th C.) and its Oxford cachet (on which it plays) has remained special, as well as self-conciously working-class and socialist: the core of the intake is active trade unionists.

John Austin, formerly a local government manual worker, is one such: he led the protest against Selbourne, and spoke against the motion supporting him at the Oxford Union last Wednesday. Alan Hicks, involved in the protest and now, like Austin, continuing his studies elsewhere, is another. Hicks, in his 60s, was a shop steward at BL's Cowley works on the outskirts of Oxford. He took redundancy in the early 1980s, then tried his hand at building but could not find steady work. Finally, not for the first time, he applied to Ruskin and was accepted in 1984.

He thought Selbourne was the best teacher any student could wish for. He never allowed his lectures to become stale: he recreated events, periods and personalities. 'I never missed a lecture. They were events, they were tremendously exciting.' (Other Ruskin students gathering for the debate last Wednesday agreed enthusiastically with Hicks: still others have written to the *Guardian* to say as much; Geoff Andrews, a former postal worker who was at Ruskin from 1983 to 1985, wrote to the *NS* to defend Selbourne as one who 'entered ideological territory which British socialism . . . has feared to tread'. Revealingly, Andrews says that 'if you attended Selbourne's lectures (for some of us, the one weekly lecture worth attending) you were "one of those", regarded by some as an outsider or a utopian revolutionary.' He ends by saying that 'the daggers had been out for some time'.)

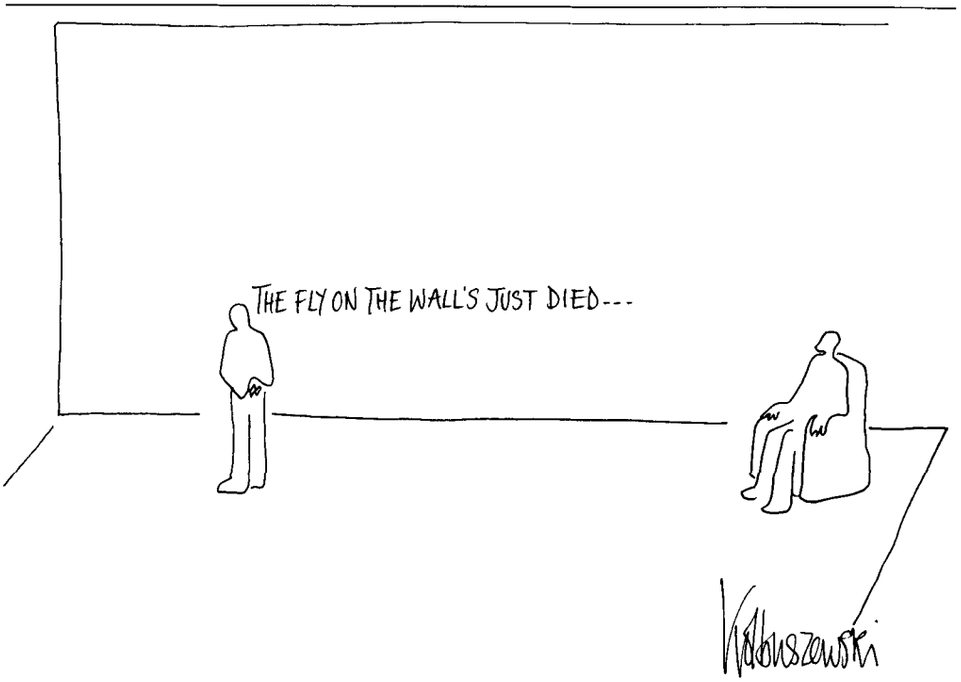
Yet the Ruskin students who attended the union debate (naturally, the most committed) were adamant that, in spite of his uncontested right to say what he wished, his metaphorical crossing of the Wapping picket line *had* to be the subject of protest.

What, they asked, was the point at issue? He could and did publish elsewhere. He was a well-known name, and could command space. He could of course publish where he liked — but at *The Times*, there *was* an offical dispute on.

Few outside the ranks of active trade unionists appreciate the force of that to them. A friend who is a TGWU official told me, in a discussion on the Ruskin affair, that he encountered a similar (in some respects) situation at the London School of Economics, when he was attending a course designed for union officials. The Economist bookshop, which was resisting unionisation, was blacked by the students: had any lecturer, he said, gone into the shop to buy a book, then those on his course would immediately and unanimously have stopped attending his lectures.

Such action is seen as a refusal to accept challenges lying down: the collective strength of the sellers of labour power denying the holder of capital the ability to act freely. Naturally it is coercive: on those it seeks to frustrate, and often (always, implicitly) on those who form the collective opposition. But what other force is there in that position? And when, as in the Ruskin case, the target owns *intellectual* capital, the opposition still must seek to deny him freedom to deploy it where he likes. A free response to a free decision.

Academic freedom, as Hirst argued here last week, is theoretically limitless. But it is not *practically* so, and it is certainly not egalitarian.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Selbourne's privileges were enormous: he could publish, not just in academic journals, but in weeklies like *New Society* and *New Statesman*, and in the upmarket papers. His students could not and most never will, though some will try.

Within their terms of reference, then, Selbourne is a right winger who gets many outlets for his work and who crossed a line observed by everyone else at Ruskin. He becomes a liberal hero because the same kind of people as he is write and edit the papers. Why, as Austin said in the Oxford Union debate, seize on Selbourne? Why not make a cause out of the master at Sherbone public school who was fired after making a speech at the last Labour conference against public schools? Is this not (and this is the largely unspoken resentment) just another round in the class war, with the weapons — the media — overwhelmingly on one side?

> ***Democratic socialists cannot exist without free enquiry, free publication — nor without the means to protest against what is published, and where. The students were taking care of the latter: Ruskin has yet to take care of the former***

That seems to me to be the case aganst. Its force comes out of the experience of the Ruskin students themselves (and of others like them); it also comes from the view (disputed by Selbourne) that there was a reasonable compromise available. Of course Selbourne could publish elsewhere: of course the tyranny of his not being able to publish in *The Times* without having a picket on his lecture is, in the scale of human suffering (and even in a privileged country like ours) a tiny matter.

For all that, it is a tiny matter which has to have a response: and the response has to be to defend academic freedom, *even where it goes against the grain of union decisions*. No college governing body should censure an academic for publishing anything, anywhere. Even where the issue is one where no vital piece of knowledge was being transmitted, where it could have been said in other places and reach at least as wide an audience, where the subject and in particular the placing were provocative to deeply held beliefs, where the author was unreasonable and the authorities accommodating, where the free play of ideas is hardly in practice, hurt one jot — even there, a college has that overriding duty. Democratic socialists cannot exist without free enquiry, free publication — nor without the means to protest against what is published, *and* where. The students were taking care of the latter: but Ruskin has to take care of the former.

Yet this must finally be said: the case can hardly bear the weight. The loss of freedom — again, even in this country — is daily more manifest in less privileged circles than Oxford, and much more sharply too. It is worth spending time on the Selbourne case because it raises hard issues for socialists who are also liberal. But true and pure liberals have better subjects for their zeal, and their pens. □

KNOWSLEY NORTH

First, impose your candidate

The forthcoming by-election has all the makings of a vintage Labour disaster, reports* IAN WILLIAMS. *Except for the brute authority exerted by Labour's national machine

IN THE RUN UP to a general election, a by-election in a place like Knowsley North *should* be an untrammelled gift to Labour campaign managers. Local issues in a borough like Knowsley are about local implications of national decisions. It is a population uniquely dependent on, and vulnerable to, the decisions of government. It is, of course, also a most eloquent testimony to the *failure* of those decisions.

Only 37 per cent of its households have a car. Most of its people receive state benefit of one kind or another, living mostly in rented accommodation with rent levels largely determined by central government policies. One in three of its economically active population are out of work. A lucky one in ten of its young people get a job when they leave school. It is hidebound by government restrictions which dictate that only the product of a 2p rate can be spent on industrial development; and it is so economically strapped that a penny rate only produces £197,000, giving it one of the lowest rate bases in the country.

There cannot be many places where blame can be put so squarely on the government — one reason why there has been a steady increase in the Labour vote. At the same time, the Liberals *haven't* benefited from the collapse of the already negligible Tory vote to the extent that they did in neighbouring Liverpool.

Although the Liberals will find and broadcast examples of bureaucratic ineptitude, and though there *have* been well-publicised examples of corruption — with more to be revealed no doubt as the campaign gets under way — the council's record is fair. They are, for example, near the top of the list of councils on education spending per head. Yet a mere 361 out of its 160,000 citizens went on to higher education this year.

Labour candidate George Howarth points to the efforts of the council to boost work and improve the environment, saying that it spent its £10 million capital receipts on capital expenditure. Coming from self-publicising Liverpool, it is refreshing to see the relatively clean streets, the trimmed verges, and the well kept parks.

Yet Labour can't be complacent. Knowsley has many of the prerequisites of former Labour pratfalls: in fact, it has every last one of them. A small and numerically negligible party organisation; desertion for 'careerist' reasons by the incumbent MP with the maledictions of local officials pursuing him; a selection battle being fought out publicly in the courts even as the campaign starts; a centrally imposed candidate; dark rumours of strong Militant influence.

Even the 17,000-vote majority enjoyed by the departing MP, Robert Kilroy-Silk, begins to look plausibly pregnable looking at that list, especially tied to the reasonable assumption of the total collapse of the Tory vote towards the Liberals.

The local Liberals haven't had an on-the-ground network of pavement politicians to soften up the seat, but they *did* have a good start following Kilroy-Silk's resignation. They shipped in Liberal Focus teams, and had adopted Rosemary Cooper as their candidate even before the first writ had been issued on the Labour side.

Further, the Labour presence in their heartland of Kirkby is numerically and organisationally negligible. For that reason more than any other, the Knowsley by-election has many of the ominous characteristics of previous Labour rotten boroughs stormed by Liberal assault.

THERE ARE SOME positive local factors. The chief of these may be, oddly, the court cases taken by the local party against the national executive in order to protect its choice of Les Huckfield as candidate. It almost seems stage managed to protect the NEC-imposed George Howarth as absolutely Militant-free.

The constituency party itself is run by a self-consciously *hard* but not necessarily *left*, coalition. If Militant has any influence at all it is because they've persuaded the Transport and General Workers' Union, which locally functions almost as a separate syndicalist party, that it *is* the left.

Militant has not called the shots in the court cases. Indeed, before the court actions, they had a leaflet out calling for support for the 'tame right-winger' Howarth (but rather spoilt the effect by citing Liverpool Labour Party as 'a model of democracy and socialism').

Instead, it was the small 'm' local militants who, after seeing what 'outside' has done to the area, have turned against *all* national institutions, including Walworth Road, Neil Kinnock and Ron Todd and Westminster, as part of 'the enemy'.

So the lack of enthusiasm of the constituency, or at least its general committee (on which ward members are under-represented), means that Howarth can fight the election on national issues. He can have all the backing of an anti-Tory crusade without the complication of Militant, or even too much embarrassing support from the constituency party. And during the election, efforts will be made to recruit members for those skimpily attended wards, as a guarantee against future destabilisation campaigns by the comrades.

The Liberals are tremendously upset by Howarth's adoption. They wanted Huckfield with Militant backing, or former Knowsley Council leader Jim Lloyd with Militant backing. Half of the Liberal Dirty Tricks had to be remaindered as soon as the NEC imposed a candidate. The Liberal threat should not be discounted: but the NEC's imposition of Howarth has probably changed the field of argument to the size of the majority rather than the retention of the seat. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scratch the surface and you'll find Hoechst High Chem

You needn't go far behind the surface of British industrial success to find Hoechst at work.

As one of the largest German investors in the UK we supply not only raw materials to industry but also the knowledge and techniques which help to make tomorrow's progress possible.

To this end we employ almost 7,000 people in the country and commit over £3 million annually to pharmaceutical research and development at Milton Keynes, just one of our 26 centres in Great Britain.

All as part of our worldwide philosophy of Hoechst High Chem, devoted to harnessing the discoveries of science to the needs of industries as diverse as British agriculture, North Sea Oil, communications and electronics, building, engineering and textiles.

With over £75 million worth of annual exports, laying a further foundation to Britain's economic prosperity.

A foundation that's firm, yet never far below the surface.

Hoechst. The High Chem Company.

Hoechst HOECHST

We spend £10 million a week on research to produce better chemicals, pharmaceuticals, fibres, plastics, dyes, agrochemicals, veterinary products, reprographics and many other vital products. For the complete picture, please send for a copy of "Finding New Ways" to Hoechst UK Ltd., Publicity Dept R., Salisbury Road, Hounslow, Middlesex TW4 6JH. Telephone: 01-570 7712. Ext: 3366.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIA

What is to be done with the BBC?

Roger Bolton

IF I WERE David Dickinson, the present Editor of *Panorama*, I'd retain a lawyer now. I'd also demand a hefty pay rise. Consider what has happened to the last three occupants of the post before him.

In 1979 I became *Panorama* Editor and within three months the filming of an IRA takeover of a small village in Northern Ireland called Carrickmore led to me being called a traitor. I was sacked, then re-instated.

My successor, George Carey, had a quiet start to his term of office, but then, during the Falklands War, his programme about parliamentary opposition to the war and its conduct led to calls for his resignation. Again, accusations of treachery were in the air. There was an 'ox-roasting' at the House of Commons, when the Chairman and Director-General of the BBC were abused.

Peter Ibbotson became Editor in 1983. He seemed to have survived his statutory two years unscathed but, last week, one of his programmes, 'Maggie's Militant Tendency', was the cause of a successful libel action in the High Court. Before he and his team had any chance to display their evidence, the BBC settled the action and agreed to an apology, and to the payment of damages and costs to two Conservative MPs.

The foregoing will doubtless reinforce the beliefs of Paul Johnson and others that a necessary qualification for editing the programme is membership of the Tribune Group and a vindictive desire to sabotage the interests of the country and certainly of the Conservative Party.

In doing so, they will doubtless forget the excellent *Panorama* a few weeks ago about American attitudes to Labour's defence policy, which was hardly helpful to Neil Kinnock's cause. They will ignore Dr Owen's conviction that the Alliance is discriminated against by the Corporation. They will overlook the recent surveys that show how the Conservative government's actions dominate the BBC's news bulletins.

Why does the government and the Conservative Party so dislike the BBC? What has the BBC done to deserve it?

AGEING HACKS like me remember when it was the Labour Party which declared war on the BBC. Harold Wilson was convinced the Corporation plotted against him, and Tony Benn refused for a while to be interviewed on film, as it could be edited. When he eventually gave interviews, he taped them to check any cuts that had been made.

So antipathy between politicians and the BBC is nothing new. Nor is it surprising. They have different jobs to do. Politicians are there to change things, to persuade the electorate to vote for them, to magnify their strengths and minimise their weaknesses. They must on occasions disguise their intentions and conceal the facts, in the public interest, of course.

BBC journalists are in the business of exposure and objective analysis, reporting the uncomfortable as well as the reassuring, the pessimistic as well as the optimistic. Tension is inevitable. Journalists cannot expect to be loved *and* report accurately and fairly. They should accept this rather than knighthoods.

Politicians labour under another handicap. They work such long hours that they rarely have time to watch or listen to anything (except on Sundays when they watch *Weekend World* and imagine millions of other people do as well). Thus they judge everything by the *Today* programme, the state of their postbag, and the views of their spouses. (The government's view of the *Thorn Birds* saga was determined by a minister's wife.)

However, relations during the life of this government have got particularly bad, and the BBC must bear part of the responsibility. Equally, BBC journalists have become demoralised, and distrustful of both the management and the governors.

What can be done? The answer is not to stop making programmes like 'Maggie's Militant Tendency', although they must *be* rock solid, and proof against the over eager ambitions of the journalists as well as of the politicians. Having been made, they should be defended all the way through the court. It is nonsense to throw in your hand before you have had the opportunity of presenting your defence. Occasionally, it is necessary to settle beforehand, if witnesses withdraw, whether or not they are pressed to do so, or if errors made in good faith are suddenly discovered. The BBC in this latest case got the worst of all worlds. It settled too late to prevent the prosecution from making its case in public, too soon to allow the defence to be heard.

> ***'If the BBC betrays its journalistic function by judging issues or avoiding them in the interests of institutional survival, it won't be worth saving'***

The problem for a journalist in the BBC today is that those who commission programmes sometimes do not decide if they are to be transmitted, or defended. One can propose a programme in line with the BBC principles and practices, have it commissioned by a Controller, endorsed by the Director-General and turned down by the Board of Governors. What respect or authority can a member of the Board of Management have if they can be overruled so publicly? Editors could be forgiven for thinking that they might as well deal with the Chairman direct.

One needs to know not just what the journalistic principles of an organisation are, but also if those in charge will back you when the going gets rough. It looks like an open question in the BBC now.

FOUR THINGS need to be done. First, there needs to be one Board not two. In the past the governors have been prepared to stand back and let the Board of Management get on with things. Not so today. And since the governors *are* the BBC there is nothing much to be gained by complaining about this and endlessly battling over power. The members of the management have to work with the governors or get out. (And wouldn't it do wonders for morale if someone were to resign on principle!)

So I propose one Board with a full-time Chairman and the Director-General as chief executive. The other governors would become non-executive directors. That way the governors would become better informed, privy to the policy arguments, and more likely to support the executives since they would be implementing Board policy. There is a risk in this, but if the senior executives are good, have thought through their policies, and are prepared to resign on principle, then the result would be better than today's civil war. This single Board should then examine whether or not to devolve increased responsibilities to Television, domestic Radio and the External Services.

Second, the Board needs to ensure that the BBC becomes less arrogant, cultivates politicians without toadying to them, acknowledges that public service broadcasting is not the sole prerogative of the Corporation, is open about mistakes, and generally behaves in a more humble fashion.

Third, the Board needs to clearly state what the BBC stands for in 1986 and to encourage proper strategic thinking at senior levels. There are few if any forums at present for this.

Finally, there needs to be a scrupulous distinction made and kept between the institutional interests of the BBC and its journalistic function, for if it betrays that function by judging issues or avoiding them in the interest of institutional survival, it won't be worth saving.

There are a lot of good journalists working in the BBC and a lot of good programmes and producers. The latest cock-up in the court room has demoralised them, but the damage is not irrepairable.

Outside in ITV there are journalists just as committed to their calling. One of them was Alan Stewart. He was blown up by a land mine last week while preparing a report on the famine and civil war in the Sudan for *This Week*. He was brave, enthusiastic, and dedicated to reporting the facts without prejudice.

We cannot betray him and people like him by doctoring their reports to suit the government of the day or the needs of a Corporation or a company.

None of these proposals will endear the BBC to this government, but it might at least help provide a united organisation with principles and practices that can be respected if not shared. It should also reduce the number of own goals, although there will certainly be some.

So if you phone me, David Dickinson, I'll give you the number of my lawyer. □

Roger Bolton is editor of This Week, *Thames TV's current affairs flagship.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECONOMICS

The politics of the pound, or, why not be an Outsider

Hugh Bain

THE STERLING CRISIS is more than a hiccup in the foreign exchange markets: it reveals just how far the Thatcher government has come since 1979. The crisis shows how the old certainties of conviction politics which set economic policy on its initial trajectory have been replaced by a new set of imperatives.

The grand designs of monetarism, with its stark commitments to reducing monetary growth, public spending and borrowing, and interest rates have been swept aside in favour of sustained pragmatism. This is not merely the pragmatism of the coming election — but a pragmatism at the heart of the Thatcher government's new politics.

The Thatcher government was swept to power on a wave of disillusionment with the bad old ways of the past. It coalesced diverse disenchantments with the ailing post-war consensus. It unified various social groups against the overweening, parasitic, profligate state, trade union power, the inefficiency of public enterprise, high inflation, and taxation. It was an anti-movement which created the demand for and offered authoritative solutions to these 'crises'.

For the City this meant low inflation, financial discipline, with deregulation — the removal of exchange controls and the 'corset'. For industrialists its meant new freedom, incentives, the right to manage. For the highly paid it meant protection of the vested interests, mortgage and pension tax relief, and tax cuts. For skilled workers it spelt the extension of home ownership.

In the late 1970s it was 'conviction politics' which tied together these groups from City financiers to Luton car workers. Now the Tories have another strategy to unify, or at least balance their support. This strategy is clearly revealed by the nature and the response to the sterling crisis.

For when the Chancellor talks of maintaining a balance between interest rates, output and inflation, he is talking about maintaining a balance between the political and material supports of the government.

Does the Chancellor allay City fears that he is prepared to see the pound slip and slide, risking higher inflation? Or does he worry about the effects of a rise in interest rates on mortgage repayments, and the consumer debt run up to buy durables? Does the government reimpose fiscal stringency to win the respect of financial markets? Or allow a fiscal expansion to fund improvements in health and education? It is the distinctive nature of the pressures on the pound which have produced these dilemmas.

THE FIRST pressure comes from pay. Though deals in the private sector may fall slightly next year, public sector pay growth is likely to stick at between 6-6.7 per cent. Average earnings are likely to rise at around 7 per cent next year. With declining productivity this means that unit costs are likely to accelerate from an annual growth of around 1.5 per cent now, to around 5 per cent by the end of next year. Britain's poor unit cost performance relative to its competitors damages the competitiveness of British goods. To offset this there has to be a trend decline in the exchange rate to make exports more competitive.

Though the government is clearly concerned about the persistently high level of pay pressure it is prepared to accept that unemployment is not going to bring it down. More than that, its lack of action to curb pay rises suggests that it has made a clear political choice.

Rises in real earnings may be bad for employment but they are good for political support. The 6.7 per cent pay award to public sector manual workers is just the most recent sign that the government is easing the lid off public sector pay. Mindful of the teachers' strike, and before that the water workers' and NHS disputes, the government has no appetite for a confrontation with public sector workers.

The old certainty that the labour market will 'correct' itself to produce new employment has been replaced by the need to appease the appetites of wage earners.

The second factor undermining sterling flows in part from the rise in earnings. Consumers' booming spending is mainly leaking into imports. Combined with the worsening outlook for oil income this is contributing to a deterioration of the balance of payments.

> ***'The government is championing the protection of the affluent — with a passing nod to their social conscience'***

The National Institute for Economic and Social Research predicts a current account deficit of £6bn in 1987: the consensus among City analysts is that it will be around £1.2bn. Either way it will be a far cry from the underlying surpluses of £3-£4bn earned between 1982-85.

Manufacturing exports may pick up next year but imports are likely to continue the surge of recent years. Since 1980 output of UK manufactured consumer goods has risen by around 4 per cent while imports have gone up by 44 per cent.

Rising real incomes have also fuelled a credit boom which led to an expansion of private bank lending of 36 per cent in the 12 months to August 1986. This is one of the main forces underlying the high growth of sterling M3 at 18.5 per cent a year, well outside its target band.

Growing consumer debt, which has also been fuelled by deregulation and greater competition in the financial services sector, has made individuals even more sensitive to interest rates than they used to be. And the government has no clear instrument available to ensure that wage earners will not compensate for higher borrowing costs with greater wage pressure, thus confirming the cycle undermining sterling.

The government is prepared to tolerate a wayward M3, and in the City's view to do too little too late on interest rates for fear of upsetting those with high borrowings.

In large part, then, the sterling crisis is the result of the government's commitment to sanction these real earning gains, and the consequences they bring. The convictions of the early years have been jettisoned for the need to appease the appetites of those earning a wage — and particularly those earning a good wage. For greatest pay pressure is predictably coming from those with greatest strength in the labour market — higher income earners.

A FINAL INGREDIENT of the City's loss of confidence in the government's approach to sterling is its policy on public spending and borrowing. At the beginning public spending and borrowing was to be restrained to allow interest rates to come down even though the government was squeezing the money supply. This could only be achieved, argued the monetarists, if the government's claims on savings were reduced, leaving greater room for private borrowers to raise loans. A disciplined, consistent financial framework was necessary to impress the City, and provide the background for sound private sector decision making.

Next year, however, fiscal policy is set to be eased by around 1.2 per cent of GDP, according to stockbrokers Goldman Sachs. This is in line with the government's new approach to the role of the public sector and the importance of social issues. Gone is the blanket antipathy to the idea that the state can solve problems. In place of the grand curtailment of the state comes the selective appeasement of fears over the quality of health provision, education and the police services. Local authority spending constraints have been lifted by around £3bn. Funding the teachers' pay settlement will also dent their financial plans. And, of course, to fund tax cuts the Chancellor's public sector borrowing target of £7bn will be comfortably overshot.

Rather than try to impress the troubled markets with its financial stringency and resolve, the government is prepared to slip its targets to allay the fears of the wider constituency. All the Chancellor could offer in his speech to bankers at Mansion Hose earlier this month was that monetary policy would 'bear down' on inflation.

So what are the lessons of the sterling crisis? It reveals the government's judgement that discipline, consistency, and conviction are no longer the great unifying, vote winning force they were. Instead of championing this grand design, the government is championing the protection of the affluent — with a passing nod to their social concerns and conscience.

But this is no mere vote winning tactic prior to the election: it is a vision of society as potent as the 1979 version. It is a vision where those in secure employment, with good earnings, and high borrowings, those on the inside are appeased, listened to and cherished, while the unemployed, the poor, the 'new servant class' are left to bear the burdens of adjustment dispersed upon them. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death of the wrong sort

As awareness spreads, all too slowly still, that Aids is a respecter of no one,* ANDREW LUMSDEN *tells of just one British death — one that won't be in the national statistics

ANOTHER FRIEND of mine has just died of Aids; another gay friend, that is. There have been no others, none who were haemophiliac or intravenous drug users or infants or heterosexual.

Latest reports from the USA suggest that the proportion of diagnosed Aids cases where transmission was heterosexual and not associated with needle-sharing has risen from 2 per cent a few years ago to 4 per cent now. Omen for Britain? Warning certainly, as we are all at last hearing. A background against which, people tell me, I should hesitate before celebrating the life and mourning the death of a homosexual who has gone before for such a reason as Aids.

A little circumspection, a little respect for the stretched nerves of us all, is urged. These cautions come from heterosexual friends who are impervious to the medically inept forms of scare-mongering and who are far from homophobic. They have themselves lost people they were fond of to Aids. They are in no hurry, in defence of that 'public' to which they as approved married couples belong, to rush whole populations of gays into categories of 'unclean'.

But they *are* apprehensive of what an inflamed democracy or inflammatory politicians on behalf of that democracy could yet do to or about gays in any country including ours. They know all about Proposition 64, the Californian ballot organised by supporters of Lyndon LaRouche, which as I write is set for next Tuesday 4 November. Polls at this moment predict a 'knife-edge' result. Gays — any person with or suspected of the virus, but gays openly and targeted — could be liable to compulsory testing, employment-restriction and quarantine.

I understand the affectionate advice I am being given. Tolerance for homosexual grief is not felt to be high. And yet . . . and yet I think John Donne's rule holds. He too lived through epidemics. Anyone who dies, other no doubt than certain dictators, diminishes us all. I don't wish to refrain from telling of the death of one gay man among so many because of the frightful truth, that in the First World the virus has passed so quickly from male to male. That would be for me to volunteer to pass over a death in silence because it isn't, so to speak, opportune — a death of the wrong sort.

NICHOLAS was the fifth of my British gay acquaintances to die after a diagnosis of Aids. I write acquaintance, but he was more than that for just a night in 1973, when I suppose he was in his middle 20s and I'd known him two years. Then slowly I lost touch with him. In the late 1970s I gather he met Don, an American art student holidaying in England. The next I heard, Nicholas had moved to America.

He was living in Des Moines, one of those American cities that cultured Americans are believed to want to flee, for Don was still at college. Then they moved to Los Angeles, another city it's true from which New Yorkers at least say all Americans should flee. He did a bit of professional dancing. Sometimes he appeared in Bloolips, the British touring radical drag show, when it had American bookings.

But mainly he made his living out of an occupation that would have floored *What's My Line?*. He designed and made dolls for manufacturers. He also traded in collector-item dolls, one of the most ferociously competitive sectors of the international art-dealer markets. Americans are great collectors of old English dolls. A famous English collector, I now forget her name, once chose him for his charm over all the rest of the pack to dispose of the eerie costumed babies which overflowed all her house; that part of her house which didn't overflow with cats.

In the early 1970s I sometimes went with him on his rounds of antique-shops. It wasn't Jaguar and camel-hair coat antique dealing. He was living by his wits and his eye, no better off, or at any rate not seeming so, than the rest of the DHSS crowd or his friends among the Portobello Rd stall-holders. He also made portrait heads in clay — I remember Ian McKellen sitting for one — and masks.

In America he had a high reputation in his exquisite, extraordinary craft. As well he might have done, for he was trained in waxwork modelling by Bernard Tussaud, last practitioner descendant, so I was told, of the original Madame Tussaud family. Nicholas's last work in Los Angeles before he became too ill this autumn to do any more was a portrait in mask form of Marie Antoinette, done from memory of the death-mask made by Madame Tussaud herself in Paris in 1793. A certain terrible image, and not only the image of Marie Antoinette herself, was beginning to haunt him.

I LAST SAW him this June in London more or less by chance at the Shaw Theatre. I didn't know he was ill. He told no one. I thought his face bony, but then he had cropped his hair extremely close, which has that effect. Even so I thought him uncannily elderly. Everyone thought so. We said to one-another ruefully, 'It must be that every one of us is getting on'.

I now know that he wasn't allowing himself to believe that he would be defeated by Aids, that he wouldn't overcome it. In the interim the least said to London friends the better. The subtle shift would have occurred, everyone mirroring his condition back to him, whether it was constantly spoken of or not. At home in Los Angeles he was already a 'person with Aids', a PWA, but with us he could believe himself back among the majority for a while, a person, not an illness.

The truth was telephoned from Los Angeles to London friends early this September, by which time he was in a Los Angeles hospital. Don sent for Nicholas's closest male English friend, S_____, who flew out at once. G_____, Nicholas's closest woman friend over here, who would also have wanted to go out to help Don, was engaged to leave England for Japan the very day of the summons as a dancer with the Royal Opera company. She wrote Nicholas a letter to be taken out by hand, for him to read or to be read to him. What else could she do? She was of the same 'show must go on' school as he was himself. Literally, for if I remember rightly they were both children at the same time at White Lodge, the Royal Ballet school. Nicholas certainly went there as a child, a scholarship boy.

He was forever flexing when I first came to know him, keeping himself in dancer's shape while he talked with you, doing *pliés*, and *jetés* even, but he had given up the dance as a full-time career, or it had given up him. I never liked to ask. Long before, when I was in my teens, I'd watched a friend go through a long mournful withdrawal from the glory of his days as a boy soloist at Westminster Abbey. The voice never came back after puberty, not as a performing instrument. He missed the feeling of having been so *intelligent*, believe it or not, never felt so 'bright', in every sense, again. I was always afraid Nicholas too had perhaps been abandoned by the best of his talents, and dared not ask.

> ***'I don't want to pass over a death in silence because it isn't, so to speak, opportune'***

Strange child, Nicholas must already have seemed to his parents when the talent-scouts of the Royal Opera swept him up from his almost rural Norfolk background. He started life along just that North Sea eastern shoreline where Dickens placed David Copperfield's Yarmouth boyhood. His family never ceased to see him through all the unlikely turns and twists of his growing up. He knew he was gay from a very early age. Went out looking for men, in the nature of things older men, from early adolescence, finding them as often as not in 'cottages' — public lavatories. 'Don't you ever try picking up people that way', he used to say to me, 'there's a lot of knack to it' — he meant about spotting the police, or the crazy — 'and it's best to start young, or not at all'.

Not very tall; physically very strong; mesmerised when I first met him by Marlene Dietrich, who had only recently given up her concert tours, and a perfect mimic of her voice; law-abiding in the sense of fearing and evading authority; apolitical by any conventional standards, but of the streets, a dweller of Notting Hill Gate's squats and limitless shared flats, before landlords gave up the struggle or grew fiercer, and gentrification crawled from building to building, like the SAS. No 'gay activist' he, unless, and it's a very great 'unless', a 'non-straight' persona is in itself activism in motion, an outrage to left and right, a subversive body-language.

WHEN THE wretchedness of the homosexual condition burst out in the revolt of 1970-72 with the brandishing of the word gay, Nicholas lived naturally in the movement and among its people. His hair was then pre-Raphaelite, a mass of yellow waves to well below his shoulders, the most astonishing sight I've ever seen on a man. In 1972 he put on a pair of fishnet tights and sets out for Trafalgar Square, where Lord Longford and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary Whitehouse and other evangelists were addressing a giant rally of the Festival of Light, precursor of Mrs Thatcher's whole administration. He rode on a float into the deeply disturbing, faintly Nurembergish, atmosphere where the police took a dim view of any dissidence, proclaiming himself to be *The Spirit of Porn*. He was bust for it.

Through those years he kept a workshop/home in Norfolk a few doors away from his parents in a terraced street. Every now and then he'd retreat there, taking some of us with him if he could, and introducing us to the family. I dare say they thought we were different from themselves merely because we were 'Londoners': superficially bizarre, but no different underneath from anyone else. Odd but welcome; their son's choice. We of course felt *gay*, unmistakeable we thought at a hundred yards let alone across a tea-table. It was warming in our acute condition of sensitivity, when the letters-pages of the papers rang with protests against our 'misuse' of the word gay, to sit among such people as Kenneth Baker or Sally Oppenheim today would claim to speak for, and yet be accepted. Unconventional, yes. Beyond the family pale, no. Henna-haired, fingernails painted, platform-shoed, dressed from the markets, we'd sit down for a meal cooked by his mother.

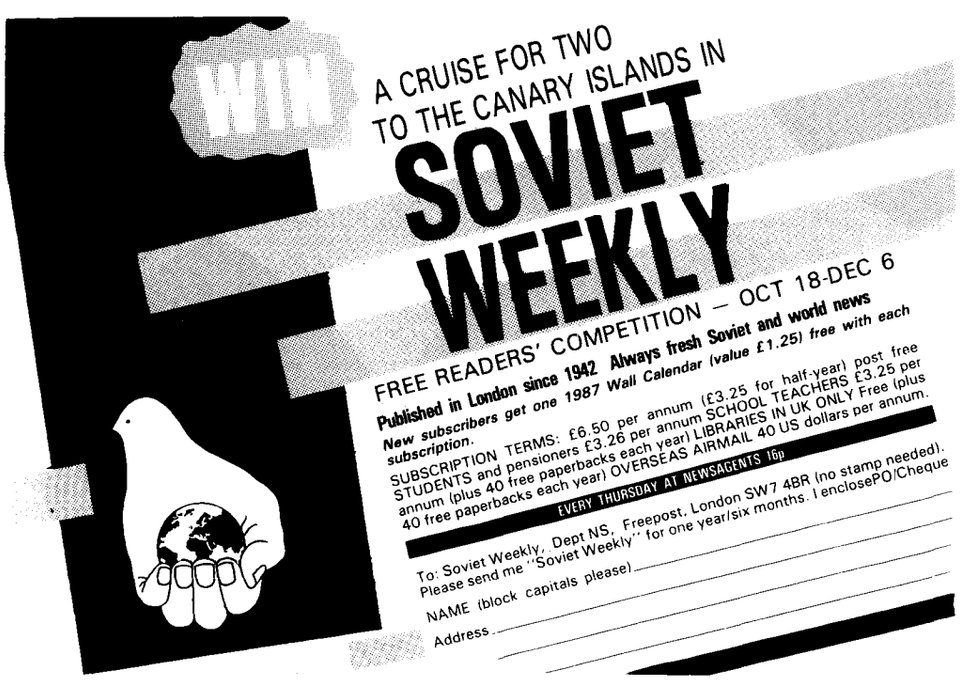
That's a long time ago now. I haven't seen Nicholas's relatives in ten years, not since he followed Don to America. This September those same parents were due to fly out from Norfolk to Los Angeles to take over from S_____ at Nicholas's hospital bedside, helping Don as S_____ prepared, as he was forced to, to come back to England. By the time they made the arrangement their sick son's legs were badly swollen. He wasn't eating. And yet he was still convinced he'd recover. He and Don had bought themselves a house in La Brea — 'The Tarpits', a Los Angeles suburb famous among American schoolchildren for the prehistoric animals dug up over the years from the natural bitumen into which they fell millions of years ago. He was still expecting to move into his new home.

Sometimes he was delirious. S_____ was beside him one day when he became convinced, lying in his hospital bed, that he was the shaven-headed Marie Antoinette, captive and next for the guillotine. Every time a hospital door slammed he thought it was the slam of the guillotine. He supposed S_____ was Madame du Barry, also waiting execution; Don perhaps the Princesse de Lamballe. He knew the period very well: knew what Madame Tussaud had been up to as the heads rolled in 1793. A queen in his last imaginings, and in saying so I make a gentle joke which he himself would never have hesitated to make, he hurtled back not into the 'Plague Years', that overworked historical simile, but into *The Terror*, apter simile for a California threatened as he lay dying, as he well knew, by the motives behind the Lyndon Larouche 'proposition'.

His last words, and the first S_____ heard in which Nicholas acknowledged he would not survive, were 'I don't want to close my eyes in case I never open them again'. He closed them. He died a day before his parents were due to arrive. They flew out anyway. They had him cremated, and brought the ashes back to England.

Don went, I think, to Tahiti for a time, and plans to live in the La Brea house they were buying together. S_____ returned to England, drained and dignified. He was asked by the Bloolips company if he'd go away with them on a tour of Scandinavia. He went. They're in London now. One of their numbers is a send-up of Marlene Dietrich's *Falling in Love Again*. Maybe they won't omit it. *RIP* a gifted and enchanting man, for whom the tumbril — send not to ask — has already rolled. □

Special reports on Aids in its American, African, and British dimensions will be appearing in forthcoming issues of the NS.


WIN
A CRUISE FOR TWO
TO THE CANARY ISLANDS IN
SOVIET
WEEKLY
FREE READERS' COMPETITION — OCT 18-DEC 6
Published in London since 1942 Always fresh Soviet and world news
New subscribers get one 1987 Wall Calendar (value £1.25) free with each subscription.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: £6.50 per annum (£3.25 for half-year) post free
STUDENTS and pensioners £3.26 per annum SCHOOL TEACHERS £3.25 per annum (plus 40 free paperbacks each year) LIBRARIES IN UK ONLY Free (plus 40 free paperbacks each year) OVERSEAS AIRMAIL 40 US dollars per annum.
EVERY THURSDAY AT NEWSAGENTS 16p
To: Soviet Weekly, Dept NS, Freepost, London SW7 4BR (no stamp needed).
Please send me "Soviet Weekly" for one year/six months. I enclosePO/Cheque
NAME (block capitals please)
Address

BOOKER

Our literary editor HARRIETT GILBERT was at the Booker beanfeast on 22 October — and asks why it couldn't even be as adult as any sporting occasion

IF THE TV transmission of the dinner was flat, as I'm universally assured it was, the event itself was quite concave. Dinner-table conversation aside, the only events of the slightest note were the falling of a blanket of stark white light as the TV cameras started to roll and the not *completely* expected announcement (well, I'd thought Ishiguro had a chance) that Amis was this year's Lucky Thing.

As the other hacks present knew perfectly well, there's only one story per Booker, and this year's, a Feminist Conspiracy Scandal, had happened the previous week. (The chair of the judges, Anthony Thwaite, was reported to have written to Julian Barnes explaining that his exclusion from the shortlist was due to his all-woman team insisting on Margaret Atwood's inclusion.) There have, of course, been better and rather more solid scandals than that. When Fay Weldon was chair of the judges in 1983, she used her speech to excoriate Britain's publishers. And it was John Berger's giving of his prize (for *G*, in 1972) to the ANC that first brought it media attention.

But shouldn't the nation's prime fiction award (*pace* Betty Trask) generate and/or act as a focus for discussion of the function (if any) of fiction; the specific role of the 'literary' novel; the ideas contained in the winning book . . . *something*? Amis could surely have woken us up had he grabbed the chance, for instance, to confront his feminist critics.

That he didn't was scarcely his fault alone. Ideas and debate may zing back and forth within the 'alternative' literary worlds of feminism, science fiction, black writing, etc, but to question establishment literature, or even to explain or defend it, would take particular courage. So Amis just gave us a handful of jokes: most of them ('Over the moon, Tony') at the expense of football managers.

Perhaps that analogy should be pursued. The evening after The *Booker Special*, ITV transmitted a lunch for the *London Sports Personality 1986*. Now I haven't played team games for 23 years and, in that time, have done all I could to keep a space between sport and me, but the point is that even *I* knew enough about Lloyd Honeyghan, Fatima Whitbread, the rise and rise of Wimbledon FC, hooliganism, sponsorship, to watch with a sense of involvement.

And why? Because the sporting establishment — both those who do and those who comment — assume not only that their subject matters, but that people are capable of following all the arguments about it, in detail. And, for heaven's sake, if half the population can understand the meaning of the offside rule, then even post-modernism should prove a doddle.

But, in raising the profile of the Booker, the literary establishment displays bad faith: certainly, it wants (and gets) an increased sale in the bookshops, but it either believes the public incapable of truly understanding what it's up to, or else is terrified of encouraging its active, informed involvement. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS

ART

Sentiments of humanity

John Spurling

Painting in Scotland: The Golden Age
Tate

GOLDEN AGES OF PAINTING are popping up everywhere. Ten years ago the RA brought us Spain's in the 16th and 17th centuries, two years ago the National Gallery unearthed Denmark's in the 19th century, and now the Tate chips in with Scotland's.

Duncan Macmillan, whose exhibition this is — arriving from the Talbot Rice Art Centre in Edinburgh, where he is Curator — and who has written the accompanying book (Phaidon, £12.95), gives a thorough account of the effect on the painters of the golden age of culture in Scotland between the Act of Union in 1707 and the so-called Disruption — the split in the Church of Scotland — of 1843. The evidence on the walls, however, does not suggest a golden age of painting as such. Macmillan has assembled over 200 works — portraits, landscapes, history and genre paintings — by 40 artists, but take away the 50-odd works by three of them and the affair would be interesting only to art historians. Allan Ramsay, Henry Raeburn and David Wilkie are the reasons for seeing this exhibition and they are reasons enough.

Ramsay, whose painting career ran roughly from 1739 to 1773, is the most poetic of the trio. His famous portrait of his second wife is an extraordinary blend of the angelic and the everyday. She is a pretty,sensitive woman whom Ramsay adores, but it is also clear that he lives with her. The eyes are liquid and the skin soft, but there is a homely shine down her nose, the mouth is rather small and tight and her head-dress is almost flippant. The same combination of plain, observed appearance with spirituality and a dash of humour distinguishes all Ramsay's portraits. It is there in the philosopher David Hume, painted full-face, double-chinned and wearing a flashy red coat, as much as in the more reticent Dr William Hunter or the more majestic Duke of Argyll. Only Gainsborough and Sargent among British portrait-painters give such a sense in their sitters of how enjoyable it is to be human, intelligent and alive.

The last ten years of Ramsay's life were spent not painting but identifying the site of Horace's Sabine villa. Several Scottish artists were gripped by the classical fever of the late 18th century, but the results for art as opposed to archaeology were no more satisfactory in their case than in those of other British artists. Gavin Hamilton and Alexander Runciman painted heroic Greek and Roman scenes which somehow contrive to be both static and over-emphatic, genteel and melodramatic, as though the Trojan War were being fought in the drawing-rooms of their patrons. Runciman also attempted scenes from Scotland's own epic poet, Ossian, with doubly bogus results, since Ossian was largely the invention of his 18th-century 'translator', James MacPherson. The Scottish landscape painters of the period seem to have succumbed to the same bland grandiosity, though Alexander Nasmyth is represented by two fine views of Edinburgh among many tourist sunsets over the lochs, and there is a single modest country scene by Horatio McCulloch which approaches its subject with the plain and sensitive perceptiveness of the portrait-painters.

National Galleries of Scotland, Edinburgh

Walter Geikie's *May Rennie Peeling Potatoes* (1830)

Raeburn, working between 1790 and 1823, is rather more outside his sitters than Ramsay and he romanticises them more. His double portrait of the plump middle-aged couple Sir John and Lady Clerk of Penicuik, with their arms round one another in front of a brown, windy valley, is both ordinary and grand, the reality of a successful marriage transformed by clever lighting and positioning into a kind of *Paradise Regained* in a northern climate.

Wilkie (working life 1804-40) was mainly a narrative painter. If he had been born in our time he would surely have been a television director. Even his portraits tell stories. The three members of the Chalmers-Bethune family, painted in 1804 when Wilkie was 19, are not portrayed *sub specie aeternitatis* but trapped in that instant, in their immediate reactions to the experience of being painted. Wilkie's most characteristic paintings, however, are crowded genre scenes of peasant life — *Pitlessie Fair, The Blind Fiddler, The Penny Wedding, Distraining for Rent* — in which the innumerable and animated details are bound together by the same dramatic use of lighting as in Raeburn's portraits and by an almost literary instinct for a moralising theme. On the evidence of the exhibition Wilkie was the only Scottish artist who could make a history painting work as anything but a waxwork tableau. His sketch for *The Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of Congregation* is a magnificently theatrical scene in which the disturbance caused by the black-robed, crow-like figure on the pulpit up right seems to rush like an icy blast all through the assembled grandees down left,withering them in their mitres and fine clothes as if they were the goats on the wrong side of a Last Judgment.

Several minor artists, of whom the most notable was the deaf-mute Walter Geikie, followed Wilkie into genre and the exhibition ends with the sober portrait and genre photography of David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, underlining the quintessential Scottish abhorrence of anything so vague and meretricious as a golden age. 'Deliver us, O Lord, from Idolatry!' prayed Knox. Or as Hume put it in his more enlightened times: 'We have no abstract idea of existence, distinguishable and separable from the idea of particular objects'. □

Arts access for disabled people in London

For information about access to cinemas, theatres, galleries and concert venues in London, ring: ARTS LINE on 01-388 2227/8

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLANNING

Cram 'em in

Jules Lubbock

GLEEFUL PROPHECIES in the *Guardian* by their fanatical, modernist architecture critic, Martin Pawley — predicting the imminent demolition of every old building in London and their replacement with skyscrapers — are much exaggerated. But the problems of accommodating the financial revolution have got to be understood and faced if London's fabric and inner borough communities are not to be utterly devastated.

Unfortunately, dark satanic mills have been replaced by offices in the demonology of the left, preventing intelligent discussion and resulting in controls which make matters worse. Manufacturing is now 'good'; offices and service employment are 'bad' and should be stopped. For socialists this makes no sense. Neither branch of capitalism is more benign.

Inept planning controls based on blind prejudice — rather than the greed of speculators and crass architects like Seifert, who did much what the planners told them — were the very cause of the disastrous post-war office redevelopments, symbolised by Centre Point. Those tall, thin, wide-apart slabs destroyed the streetline and the skyline because planners were obsessed with daylit offices and public open space. Still more stupid, less office space on a site was provided than in low-rise, pre-war buildings, because of the space restrictions introduced by the Plot Ratio control in ignorance of the massive pre-war growth of the service sector and its inevitable post-war continuation. Planning itself increased the demand. Developers built in the inner boroughs with dire effects upon land values, crowding out working-class employment and communities.

Now these very offices are obsolete. The cause is not Big Bang or the need for an acre-sized trading floor on each street corner. Of these architect and space planner Frank Duffy predicts no more than 30. The two basic reasons are that London is now the world's leading primary financial market and depends increasingly on capital intensive information technology which cannot be housed in existing modern buildings. Perhaps a third of London's 140m. square feet of offices will be rebuilt or refurbished by 1995.

The paradox is that although suitable offices are in short supply it is now a tenant's and not a developer's market. Users are in revolt against those Sixties slabs with their small floors and low ceilings; developers are terrified of repeating their mistakes; and planners, the real culprits, are in retreat. Users want their whole business under one roof in large, flexible spaces which can be changed in a weekend whenever necessary to accommodate new machines or organisation. Storeys must be 13 foot rather than 10 foot high to take air-conditioning and raised floors for the miles of cabling.

The existing time-consuming planning system will certainly drive large firms to the 9m. square foot development proposed for Canary Wharf on the Isle of Dogs with its three 900ft towers. Alternatively, the whole market could move to Paris or Zurich. To meet these dangers the City's new plan will retain conservation areas but not extend them, and will maintain the existing plot ratio for the City as a whole but not for particular sites. This would permit very tall, very high-density buildings away from St Paul's and further devastate London's skyline and streetline.

The correct approach, in my view, is to junk Plot Ratios altogether, keep existing conservation areas and allow developers to cram as much space into the City as possible with only a simple restriction on height. Very high densities can be got into 100ft buildings, even with 13ft storeys. Simple non-negotiable rules and rapid permissions would stop outward migration of offices and the pressures on local communities.

This would generate more schemes like Broadgate, next to Liverpool Street Station and just completed in record time, which continues the typical London pattern of street and square of adjacent Finsbury Circus. Even the roof heights are comparable. But Broadgate's developer, Stuart Lipton, is unusually bright and, despite or perhaps because of a bruising encounter with community groups over Coin Street, alert to environmental politics.

Not all developers are so smart or so public-spirited; hence appropriate controls, rather than the ignorant restrictions and prohibitions which have been so damagingly counterproductive in the past, must be cannily devised to get the best out of them. Equally, the Lipton phenomenon (he has recently announced his employment of classical revivalist architects Leon Krier and Quinlan Terry for his bid to redevelop Spitalfields Market in the heart of Young Fogeyland) shows that community and conservationist protest action is not in vain, indeed in the absence of the GLC it is all the more necessary. But when the GLC is restored, as it must be immediately a Labour government takes office, it must face the fact that financial factories are here to stay. Surely it is not beyond the wit of socialists to ensure that this time London's environment, economy and communities as a whole benefit from the financial revolution? □

THEATRE: 1

Out for the count

Andrew Lumsden

Breaking the Code
HUGH WHITEMORE *Theatre Royal Haymarket*

HUGH WHITEMORE'S long career as a dramatist includes a 1984 Emmy award-winning TV biopic on Alger Hiss, the Rooseveltian 'New Dealer' handcuffed and hauled off to the Lewisburg pen in 1950 on a McCarthy period conviction for passing documents to a Communist agent. Alger Hiss is 81 now. His sight is failing but he is still struggling to clear his name.

Alan Turing, the subject of Whitemore's new bioplay, would now be 74, a revered Nobel Prize-holder and war-hero — remarkable double — had he lived. It has been left to others to clear his name. He didn't even live long enough to be put up for his Nobel Prize.

The story in outline must be familiar. Dazzlingly numerate from adolescence, Turing wrote a seminal paper for the formulation of the modern computer in 1937 *(Computable Numbers);* headed the breaking of the German 'Enigma' code at Bletchley Park, leading to an aside by Churchill that he had perhaps done more than any other single individual to win Britain's war; and died prematurely in 1954 by suicide, misadventure, or — persistent ugly rumour — murder at the hands of some Western secret service.

Turing was gay, as we would say now, was bust for a consensual relationship in 1952, was put onto oestrogen by court order, grew breasts, was a 'security risk'. Whitemore has been quoted *(Daily Mail)* as calling Turing's homosexuality 'his flaw'. The writing in *Breaking the Code* is better than this remark.

The more attentive, both to the actual words of the script and to Derek Jacobi's playing of Turing from schooldays to last moments — in a series of flashbacks and flashforwards — will find the insistently portrayed homosexuality inextricable from the intellectual achievement. Not a *cause,* no doubt, of mental gifts, but interwoven with the direction they took like the strands of the DNA helix, provoking wonderment. Could it be Turing's inner knowledge of his 'outsider' inclinations, which we see him recognise while at school in conscious love for a fellow young scientist, which made him a world-changer? Comparable question and mystery to Einstein's Jewish 'outsiderliness' in pre-First World War Austro-Hungary.

So far, so good, and a worthy distillation of the 1983 biography *Alan Turing: the Enigma* by Andrew Hodges, the young professional mathematician and gay man who first set out to break the silence about Turing, and whose work inspired the play. Roll on a biopic, though, by Whitemore and with Jacobi by all means. For the old-fashioned 'Shaftesbury Avenue' concessions by this production, its repertoire 'Britishness' in the parts of plod and Bletchley boffin and Maugham-ish mama, undermine remembrance of the global Cold War horror, the Hiss era, in which the catastrophe actually occurred. □

THEATRE: 2

Blood lust

Paul Allen

Edward the Second
MARLOWE *Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester*
The Playboy of the West Indies
MATURA *Contact Theatre, Manchester*

YOU COME OUT OF Nicholas Hytner's profoundly unsettling production of Marlowe's unsettling play in urgent need of reassurance and consolation: qualities, you reflect ruefully, that Shakespeare would have given you in the course of the final scene. The final scene here is of a small boy, the new king, holding the severed head of his father's killer above his father's coffin while monks chant the funeral service in Latin, as they did at the play's opening. From this image you might want to believe that the play is about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another time and another place where people were nastier: a useful source of instruction for a more reasonable generation. Nothing in between allows that luxury.

The eponymous hero of *Edward the Second* is played by the new Associate Artistic Director of the Royal Exchange, Ian McDiarmid, as a sensualist by nature and commitment. It isn't simply that his love for Piers de Gaveston (Michael Grandage) is at odds with the need for order in the country (his wife, a French princess, was chiefly a political ally who was being politically as well as emotionally alienated by the affair). It isn't even that, Gaveston dead, he immediately lights upon another favourite and bestows titles and powers on his friends as if they were stocking-fillers at Christmas.

Edward never really sees that order — of any kind — matters. When the abused Bishop of Coventry thunders, 'Be thou accursed of God', McDiarmid is merely impish in his 'Who's there?' addressed to heaven. Even in the context of an all-powerful church and a deeply religious population he doesn't think it matters that he blasphemes.

But Marlowe, and Hytner, won't let us off the hook with the idea that Edward is simply a dynastic aberration who needs more or less surgical removal so that the nation can resume ordinary business. Mortimer, who supplants him, gets off on the exercise of power in a more conventional way; the young king is already stamping his feet petulantly and calling for heads to roll (and getting his way); the very death of Edward, the almost loving buggery with a red-hot poker, reveals a relish not just for anarchy but for malign destruction that is at the heart of humanity itself, according to this view.

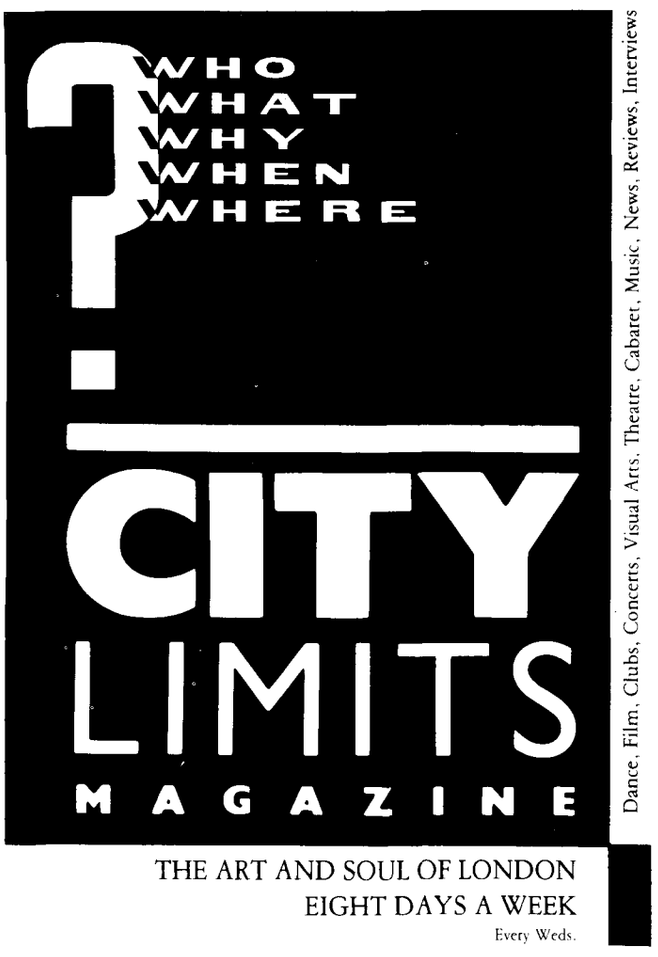
Hytner, who is gradually revealing himself as one of the most perceptive young directors of classics in the British theatre, hasn't yet quite mastered the possibilities of visual theatricality. There is a wonderfully decadent Italian masque (added by Martin Duncan) that simply goes on too long; the mixture of modern and mediaeval clothes makes the passionate sexuality of Edward and Gaveston — openly expressed in front of a row of solid men in suits — more shocking, but is also sometimes bewildering; the set (Tom Cairns) really should not make actors trip over a cloth throughout the first half or slip and squelch in wet peat throughout the second.

But he has collaborated in an extremely distinguished central performance. Ian McDiarmid is an actor who always seems to want to test himself physically and vocally. Unharnessed, he can seem to posture and shriek. Here, playing a character who is self-indulgent in the fullest sense, he is by turns ironic, passionate, maudlin, heroic and clever. In the audience you can be confident that McDiarmid is in control while delighting in and fearing the compulsive waywardness of the charcter he plays: this is surely one of the fundamental challenges of acting.

Hytner has also found ways of minimising the repetitive quality of Marlowe's writing, notably finding a jokey contemporaneity in the responses of the peers (especially David Howey's Warwick) and a darker one in the steps that the lower middle classes (including Gaveston, his successor Spencer and the king's killer Lightborn) have to take if they are to share in the pleasures available to the magnates. It is a rich evening, but a bleak one that challenges, more than anything between Marlowe and, say, Howard Barker, your underlying conviction of faith that the world can gradually be made better.

Contact occupy the university theatre in Manchester which is the Royal Exchange company's old home. Their special brief is to provide theatre for a young audience and Mustapha Matura's ebullient reworking of Synge will surely earn another tick in those Arts Council end-of-term exams by attracting a black audience too: very street-cred.

The Playboy of the West Indies is jollier, more explosive and rather less resonant than the original, getting more comfortable the more Matura feels free to go his own way. The West Indian vernacular is harder for me to follow than rural Irish (and may sound like a joke to second generation British blacks, I suppose) but has its own poetry. Brigid Larmour's production and the Caribbean shebeen designed by Nettie Edwards provide the frame for some very warm and sympathetic performances led by Treva Etienne and Diane Louise Jordan who, with the play's dying speech about lost opportunity and lost happiness, just about remind us that the story is a tragedy after all. □



JARROW '86 IN ASSOCIATION WITH NALGO AND T&GWU PRESENTS
THE PLAY FOR JARROW '86
SHAW THEATRE
HEADS HELD HIGH
Written by ALAN McDONALD
Music composed by ALAN HULL
Lyrics by ALAN HULL & ALAN McDONALD
Directed by TERRY CONDER
Designed by PETER LING
Additional music by ERNIE WOOD
Tuesday 4 NOVEMBER, 7pm
Wednesday 5 – Saturday 8,
Tuesday 11 – Saturday 15, Tuesday
18 – Saturday 22 NOVEMBER.
7.30pm
£5 (£3 concessions)
SHAW THEATRE
SPECIAL OFFER
2 tickets for the price of 1 with this ad
100 Euston Road NW1 2AJ
Box Office: 388 1394 Credit Card: 387 6293

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION

Model T

Hugo Williams

HOW APPROPRIATE that dominant 'T' is — a frisson of S/M promise — in the name of Julie T. Wallace, the frighteningly exciting new star of **The Life and Loves of a She Devil** (BBC2). The imposing Ms Wallace put on three stone to play Ruth, the 15-stone spurned wife of weakling Dennis Waterman, in this ambiguous fairy tale of Desire, Revenge and Stress in the modern world. At last, a Wonder Woman for the adult viewing market!

'I wonder where Ruth's been for the last two years,' says Waterman to his sylph-like new acquisition Patricia Hodge (repeating her spoilt anorexic from *Hotel du Lac*). 'She might be dead for all I know.' He could hardly be more wrong. His ever-loving ex is embarked on a career in personnel management and happiness demolition work that, dare one hope, will have him crawling to her on his knees, begging to be forgiven for what he has done to her, by the time they finally come face to face with one another again, as come they must this Wednesday.

Up till now it has all been undercover work. Wonder Woman Ruth has set up an employment agency expressly to supply her ex-husband with a computer operator who is really an ace programme hacker and a nubile secretary programmed to seduce married men. (There is no question of stereotypes being avoided in this wallow in expectations satisfactorily fulfilled.) The hacker now transfers a million or two of the firm's money to a Swiss bank account, in the way people do nowadays, and the secretary promptly withdraws it under an assumed name, hands it over to Wonder Woman and vanishes to New Zealand. Magic, though I prefer to ignore the supernatural eye-gleams and hellfire aureoles that the special effects dept provides for our further entertainment. Ruth, to me, is all flesh and blood, a genuine throwback, albeit disguised, to the good old days when the female of the species was not only *as* deadly, but *more* deadly than the male.

The police quickly trace the fraud to Waterman via his piece on the side, now flown, and pluck him, whimpering, from his luxurious new life. It is time for Phase Two of the she-devil's campaign, for which she transforms herself into the tantalisingly horrible Polly Patch in order to pervert the course of Justice Bissop, the judge assigned to her ex-husband's case. The judge believes that criminality is caused by peanut butter and beats his submissive wife with a cat o 'nine tails because, as he explains to his children's terrifying new nanny, 'Passing sentence on people builds up sadistic urges which must be dissipated.' The understanding Miss Patch now substitutes her own more resistant bottom for that of Mrs Bissop and, by taking the carpet beater like a man, keeps the judge's sadistic urges in peak sentencing trim for when her husband comes before him. The innocent Bobbo gets seven years.

Now who is fooling whom? 'I like ugly people,' says the judge, 'they're in touch with reality.' They may be, but anyone can see that Ruth isn't one of them. She was having her teeth out last week, her hair scraped back and oiled. 'I wore a bra that was much too small, so that bits kept popping out. I also stooped and always sounded out of breath.' It was a good try, but in spite of all the 'ugliness' and 'reality' available, the erotic content of the show remains screwed well above usual BBC acceptance levels. Is this because the she-devil is something new to TV, a female fantasy figure (the novel was by Fay Weldon) developed from the villainesses of romantic fiction who usually lose out to Miss Love-Honour-and-Obey? Or must I look deeper into my heart for an explanation? Apparently Ms Wallace has already had the call from Cubby Broccoli for the next Bond movie, so perhaps I am not alone in my liking for large, cruel women taking showers together.

Two spots to watch for decent new 'plays' as they used to be called are *Sunday Premiere* (BBC1) and *Screen Two* (BBC2). The two I most enjoyed recently were both about children facing up to the betrayals of the adult world. **Good as Gold** (BBC1) was about a promising young swimmer's battle with her sceptical father and the onset of puberty. Jane Morris's performance couldn't have been bettered, but it was the riskily emotional encouragement of the aging coach, in danger of losing his job if she doesn't win, and the weird and wobbling background of municipal swimming pools which gave the film its strange tension — that and the old tear-jerker of children learning to be brave, I suppose.

Lent (BBC2) by Michael Wilcox, a repeat on *Screen Two*, was also about a child's first duel with fate, in the person of his weak and corrupt headmaster (David Langdon). The boy's father, the previous head of the school, has been killed in a car crash and the film sketches in graphic and dramatic scenes how aging Latin master and odd man Harry Andrews teaches him to stand on his own two feet. The film is a moving addition to that limited and introverted shelf of boarding-school documents, which, though contemporary, have the air of something salvaged from another country — of the past or of the subconscious.

I had been meaning to mention another interesting series **Travellers in Time** (BBC2) before it went off the air last spring. It is now back and last week saw a fascinating period piece revived, somewhat to its own disadvantage. In 1925, the Prince of Wales, he of the awful knot, still the most idolised man in the world 11 years before it all came undone, was sent out to Africa as a sort of human flag to divert attention from the Republican cause then gaining ground. We see him touring the 'outlying areas' and hear the respectful commentary of George Ward Price. In the Gold Coast, the natives 'insist on pouring out discordant homage to the visiting Prince' while the visiting Prince is seen giggling at the naked breasts and looking exactly like a ventriloquist's dummy endlessly tapping a cigarette on his cigarette case and opening and closing his mouth; from which, happily, time has thrown away the words. □

THE NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE
AUTUMN EVENTS
Thursday November 6th — 7.30pm

ANGELS OF THE NIGHT

Popular Female Singers of our Time

Wilfrid Mellers explores the music and experience of women singers through the 20th century — reflecting on the influence of jazz in the careers of many singers from Mahalia Jackson, Bessie Smith, to Joni Mitchell and Laurie Anderson.

This event is organised in conjunction with **Basil Blackwell** who publish **Angels of the Night** this month.

Tickets: £2.00/£1.50 concessions (includes glass of wine)

Bookings and further details from THE NATIONAL SOUND ARCHIVE, 29 Exhibition Road, London SW7 2AS. Tel: 589-6603/4.

CINEMA

Male order

Judith Williamson

Men (15)
Camden Plaza, Chelsea Cinema, Renoir
Parting Glances (15)
Screen on the Hill, Cannon Piccadilly
Gone to Earth (PG)
Electric Screen
Mala Noche
NFT

JUST IN CASE anyone still doubts that men are the most marketable subject of the year, here is a startling fact: **Men**, Doris Dorrie's zany but soft-centred comedy about — you've got it — men, has been the most popular film in Germany since the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Richard Ganoung and John Bolger exchanging *Parting Glances*

war, attracting 4.2 *million* admissions in just *22 weeks*, and also breaking house records during its run in New York. Coupled with the runaway success of *Three Men and a Cradle* (outgrossing *Rambo* in France) this must say something about the audience for 'post-feminist' man. I say 'post-feminist' not because they are *past* feminism, far from it; but feminism has had an effect on the way men are represented — one expects to see them in legwarmers any minute now.

Clothes play an important part in Dorrie's film; for like all good social comedies it is about lifestyles as much as characters. Its plot is simple: Julius, a successful designer, discovers that his wife is having an affair and moves in (incognito) as her lover's flat-mate to find out what she sees in him. The lover, Stefan, is a semi-unemployed hippy, and part of the attraction is obviously that he represents an alternative to the couple's heavily bourgeois existence. Its social comment is the sharpest aspect of the film, whose zappy narrative makes no pretence to realism: gradually the two men swap roles, a change charted by the descent into teeshirt and unshavenness on the one hand, and the acquisition of suit and haircut on the other.

The men's comic relationship is, in plot terms, competitive: Julius deliberately turns his rival into a better bourgeois than himself so as to win back his wife. Yet the film's *imagery* shows us men together without women for most of the screen-time, and this is really its soft heart: men jogging together, men cooking together, men having pillow-fights together, etc. At the same time, the fact that the *plot* hinges on a woman keeps everything safely heterosexual; the film has its cake and eats it in this respect, which is perhaps why it is so devastatingly popular. The whole scenario is a brilliant device for having men romping around on beds without a moment's anxiety: they are rivals, not lovers. The atmosphere of the movie is rather like that of a conversation between heterosexual feminists about their boyfriends: full of snappy observations about sexism (Men . . . !) but no questioning of heterosexual identity itself.

Parting Glances, on the other hand, sets out deliberately to show gay life as totally normal — director Bill Sherwood's aim is to make a film about 'people not homosexuals'. Its 'people' are nevertheless very clearly located in class terms by their Manhattan Yuppy interiors and high levels of consumer-durability. The extremely moving story of a couple whose relationship is faltering while the friend and ex-lover of one of them is dying of Aids is set against a backdrop of rubber plants and ansa-phones, publishers' dinners and arty parties. The one film ingredient as popular as men at the moment is the middle-class consumer lifestyle; aimed, presumably, at the same audience as the Habitat catalogue. Or perhaps it is a sign of hard times that we can all peek into the world of parquet and Perrier for the price of a cinema ticket.

Either way, it is the taking-for-granted not of homosexuality, but of this setting, that marks the film's weakness. And in its eagerness not to be 'about' homosexuality it is slightly blind to certain stereotypes within its own repertoire: for, within this milieu where you feel you could safely bring your grandmother for tea, it is the rockstar, the way-out crazy musician friend of one of the partners, who has Aids. It's as if Aids could only be caught on an excursion away from the world of rubber plants — although for a film which claims to be so straightforward it is surprising that there is no dialogue at all about the other kind of rubbers or indeed any form of safe sex, now such a crucial part of gay life. But Aids appears only on the dangerous fringes of this too-safe world. *Parting Glances* could do with some of *Men*'s alertness to social stereotypes: the whacky ease with which its protagonists exchange roles loosens the sense that identity is fixed in characters and alerts us to its social nature. Why couldn't one of the yuppies have Aids — the publisher instead of the musician? Having said all this, *Parting Glances* is, on the 'human' level it sets up for itself, both a funny and a deeply moving evocation of a man's love for two people, one within an established day-to-day relationship, one dangerously outside that.

Gone to Earth, Powell and Pressburger's re-released 1950 classic, is worth noting in this context for, with its heroine torn between a 'safe, domestic' love (the parson) and a 'dangerous, sexual' one (the squire), it poses a similar dichotomy and also, in a way, one between men. In the very different setting of the Shropshire landscape, some of the same lines are drawn, between social acceptability and rejection, between a tame and a wild sexuality. Far from being the underlay to a realist drama, as in *Parting Glances,* in Powell's film these themes are like the bare branches of one of his turbulent trees; stark, gothic and frightening. No matter how over-the-top it seems today, or how bizarre Jennifer Jones' 'rural' accent, *Gone to Earth* is powerful because it portrays a real and impossible dilemma which is at the heart of desire itself.

On this note, I recommend **Mala Noche** (Bad Night), a raw, roughly stylish film from Oregon which shows just once at the NFT and reminds you how exciting independent film-making can be, let alone desire. For this is what charges the film's aesthetic; it has a story, of sorts, but what it is *about* and catches so well in its black and white shadows is sexual longing across an imbalance of power — and how the extremity of that longing re-weights the balance in some ways, without touching it in others. Powered with the electricity of crossed needs, it shows how the social inequality between a gay white kid and the street-wise Mexican kids he befriends both feeds his desire while making it impossible to reciprocate freely. In its own way this film lays more on the line than any of the others, and has a sure feel for the more awkward corners of sexual exchange which we might prefer to forget. □

TRAILERS

The Animation Festival at London's Everyman Cinema brings together an extraordinary variety of animation work from Betty Boop and Fritz the Cat to early Soviet propaganda and contemporary feminist and political work. This isn't just for anyone interested in animation, it's for everyone interested in *cinema*: much of this material is rarely shown so is well worth catching. Festival runs from Sunday 2 November to Saturday 8 November, with an 'Animation Forum' free discussion event with working animators on Sunday 2 at 5.00pm. Further details from the Everyman on 01-431 2240. Full review next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introduction to working conditions and environment
Edited by J. M. Clerc
For some time the need has been felt for a wide-ranging introductory volume embracing the main aspects of occupational safety and health and general conditions of work. This book has been designed to meet that need, and disseminates knowledge and information as widely as possible. The ILO expresses its clear conviction that this is a task in which all must participate.
ISBN 92-2-105124-2 (hard) £16.40
ISBN 92-2-105125-0 (limp) £10.90

Annotated bibliography on working time
ISBN 92-2-100543-7 £6.35

Child labour: A briefing manual
ISBN 92-2-105639-2 £5.45

Rehabilitation approaches to drug and alcohol dependence
by B. Shahandeh
Dependence on drugs and alcohol not only causes work performance to suffer but also prevents some people from working at all. This handbook deals in depth with the difficult problem of rehabilitating people who are dependent upon drugs and alcohol, and of reintegrating them into active social and economic life. It describes in detail the multi-sectoral approach to planning and organising the relevant services, and stresses the need for the fullest possible involvement of the community.
ISBN 92-2-100526-7 £4.55

Visual display units: Job content and stress in office work
by F. J. F. Dy
'Office automation', 'the electronic office', 'the office of the future' . . . these phrases are frequently heard today. But what are the implications for office employees, both workers and managers? This book looks at a common office task — that of the data entry operator working on a visual display unit or keypunch. It examines visual display units from the angle of work organisation and working time, health, safety and ergonomic aspects, and occupational stress. At the same time, it demonstrates how the quality of working life for data-entry workers can be improved, and presents practical suggestions for the redesign of jobs in order to make them more stimulating and rewarding, yet without sacrificing organisational effectiveness.
ISBN 92-2-105084-X (hard) £10.00
ISBN 92-2-105083-1 (limp) £6.35

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE
Branch Office:
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY.
Tel: 01-828 6401

WORK IN PROGRESS

Crusading in the rain

Naseem Khan

THE ONLY DISTINGUISHED thing about Caborn Corner was the rainbow. A scrubby little triangle of grass, with a sadly unhealthy small tree in memory of 'George Caborn: Man of the People' in the middle, it is flanked by a nondescript pub and a long row of unprosperous endeavours (chippie, car accessories, £5 perms for pensioners), that look down on grey industrial-silent Sheffield. Rainbow apart, it is not a grand spot to pick up the Jarrow '86 march.

In 1936, the Jarrow march came this way from Barnsley on its way south. But there's no denying, 50 years on, that the crowd is not a huge one. ('Pathetic,' said one banner-holder bitterly.) At 3.30, when the marchers are expected, there's no more than 120 waiting on and around Caborn Corner. But when they do arrive, for all that, there's still a flurry of muted emotion. 'Welcome to the Jarrow Marchers!' the loudspeaker declares and the small crowd claps as the column of orange-anoraked young people swings smartly down to the corner, the old grey historic banner — 'The Jarrow Crusade' — before them. Behind come local supporters from the previous stop plus a dozen banners. (They had 30 when the march left Jarrow, said a Hebburn man sadly.) A brief stop and we're all off again to Sheffield's city centre through the rain-wet Sunday streets.

It feels more like duty than demonstration, for there are very few people around to take note of this brave but hardly major display. A few bystanders clap. But workmen putting up the city's Christmas decorations turn impassively away, and on the steps of the City Hall, where the Labour Party double-decker bus (minus the promised Arthur Scargill and David Blunkett) awaits, things are little better.

There are many theories on the road about the reason for the apathy: Sunday isn't a traditional day for marches; there was a sponsored anti-apartheid walk that morning. But the suspicion slowly grows that Sheffield's lack of response is part of a larger picture of a demoralisation that is past demonstration.

Nevertheless, the young marchers were full of high spirits. It's clearly an adventure being on the road, and acquiring the rhythm and self-discipline to deal with it is a heady experience. In the evening, in Sheffield's splendidly pompous City Hall, the mood of warmth and brotherhood held buoyantly good. Here, in the ballroom, the Deputy Mayor welcomed the marchers, as the Mayor had done 50 years before, and echoed his forerunner's words: 'Parliament is like a wheelbarrow. To get anything out of it, you've got to take hold of it and shove it!' The marchers are clearly not averse to a bit of shoving, even their evening's spokesman, John Badger, a greying, quiet-spoken man whose father and uncle had been involved with the '36 march. He spoke simply about resilience, strength and dignity and he brought these qualities back to what had been an undignified, puny day. The banners, he assured the Deputy Mayor, would be borne with honour — a word that, sadly, is not heard too much these days. But it is central to the demand for jobs.

In between the march and the reception had come a particular feature of the march — an attendant theatre production. *Heads Held High*, specially written by Alan McDonald (of *Brookside*) with music by Alan Hull (of Lindisfarne) was playing at the stops en route*. Songs from the show plus numbers from other sympathetic artists (Billy Bragg, Tom Robinson, etc) are on an album — £4.99 from record shops — whose sales will help young unemployment schemes.

The partnership of arts and politics is of course an excellent thing: the labour movement is far too wary of the arts. The marchers themselves warmly appreciated the show's support. In such a context, criticism seems churlish. But *Heads Held High* is an ambitious venture that does not reach its own aims. Centring on Lizzie, it details her development over seven years that include the Falklands, the miners' strike, mounting unemployment. To begin with she's a bored working-class housewife, stay-at-home mother of a vile teenage son, wife to an earnest man who spends all his evenings in Labour Party meetings. Urged on by her sister, she leaves dull, honest George to seek self-fulfilment and the specious love of an insurance salesman. In her sleep, simultaneously, she participates in numerous ludicrous TV game shows, whose object is to expose the warped values of Thatcher's Britain. Eventually, disillusioned with the salesman, she returns, gets a job, supports her husband in the miners' strike, and comes to approve the dictum of her dead father's visiting ghost: 'Struggle and love — that's what life is about.'

Travelling between the real world and fantasy, the play places great demands on its cast. And although they do it well, they still cannot provide the coherent development that the play lacks. Too much of it (McDonald's TV background?) breaks up into isolated almost self-contained fragments, without a really clear and sustained line. Gift horses must be appreciated. But it would be a more effective runner if it did not try to jump every fence. □

*Heads Held High *will be at London's Shaw Theatre from 4-22 November.*

Next week: Work in Progress finds the roots of Caribbean writing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

SF imagery spreading into real life: photograph by David Byrne from the book of the movie *True Stories* (Faber)

SCIENCE FICTION: 1

Thinking and dreaming

Colin Greenland

Trillion Year Spree: The History of Science Fiction
BRIAN W. ALDISS with DAVID WINGROVE *Gollancz*
£15 & £9.95

IT'S NOW NEARLY 25 years since Brian Aldiss started making notes for a history of the genre of which he is Britain's best known resident exponent. The first result was published, as *Billion Year Spree*, in 1973. Since then science fiction has grown from the arcane entertainment of an eccentric and rather cerebral clique to become a prominent and garish part of our culural wallpaper. SF notions and imagery have proliferated in media more overt and accessible than print — movies, music, fashion, video games — while, stimulated by the expanded market and the corporate direction of American publishing, sf in print has become an industry. Isaac Asimov, as Aldiss notes, is now a brand name. There are specialist sf publishers, distributors, mail order firms and bookshops, and a monthly sf trade journal, *Locus*. The commercial explosion surely merits a book of its own.

Trillion Year Spree is not that book (which will be called *Future Chic*, and compiled by some cultural commentator more canny and less committed than Aldiss). *Trillion Year Spree* is *Billion Year Spree* thoroughly revised and brought up to date at twice the length. Industrialisation, Aldiss believes, 'the Dawn of the Day of the Dumpbin', has not done much to improve the quality of sf, which quality he grapples directly out of the texts, examining authors one by one, from Lucian of Samosata to Lucius Shepard. It's a literary rather than a scholarly endeavour: the notes are copious but not rigorous and Aldiss seems to have drawn little from the profusion of academic studies he predicted, accurately, in 1973. More than half his citations are new, yet his bibliography is no longer than it was in *Billion Year Spree*.

As pundits go these days, Aldiss is a rarity: the man of letters with populist preferences. He invokes Dr Johnson and Virginia Woolf, addressing 'the common reader'. Despite his firm adherence to the old totem pole of greater and lesser authors (with 'genius' on top, out of reach of criticism), he knows — to choose a more recent vertical metaphor — what the bottom line is. SF must enthrall and entertain, or fail. Aldiss can be trusted to prefer the merely exciting to the merely edifying, and to say so, as he does after a key comparison of two novels by H. G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs published in the same year. Out of the comparison comes his model of sf as a sphere polarised between thinking and dreaming: the only critical principle of this survey, but a useful one. SF does range from scientific scepticism at one end to unreflecting wonder at the other.

'In the Eighties, the dreaming pole is in the ascendant,' observes Aldiss. 'Many novels

PETER HAIN

POLITICAL STRIKES

The State and Trade Unionism in Britain

'An excellent new book'
– *New Statesman*
'Clear and informative'
– *Guardian*

00.7962 9 368 pages £4.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

announced on publishers' lists as sf are undisguised fantasy, and sf which does not affront our sense of veracity is harder to find than at any time since the Twenties.' In the first version of this history, his enthusiasm for the genre was wholehearted. Now we can easily detect a weary tone.

Not that Aldiss has lost interest. The revisions show him being more conscientious, not less. Some frivolities and casual asides have been cut; more research has been done on important secondary figures, such as M. P. Shiel and C. L. Moore; he has got to grips with Isaac Asimov, which he seemed understandably reluctant to do before. ('What does one say in his praise that Asimov has not already said?') His contention that sf proper began with Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, always persuasive, has been greatly strengthened by a complete overhaul of his chapter on her works. No, what Aldiss could not cope with is the sf of today, partly because there is too much and partly because his appetite has been sated.

Billion Year Spree was one man's version of sf history, the man a modern master of the mode, immersed during childhood. His fiction since 1973 — *Frankenstein Unbound, Moreau's Other Island, Helliconia* — has been the direct product of his assimilation of the tradition, text by text. It's no wonder if he's tired. His solution was to bring in a collaborator, David Wingrove.

'We have modified but rarely altered each other's opinions,' says Aldiss. 'We have rewritten each other's texts to such an extent that it is now hard to determine who exactly said what.' In fact, the conjunction is not everywhere so seamless. Wingrove got the job because he works hard and reads voraciously, as his two sf reference books for Longman demonstrate. Packed they are, but erratic, loosely assertive and unmethodical.

Similarly, when *Trillion Year Spree* nears the present, it suddenly runs thin. Chapter 16, 'The Future Now', is a catalogue of contemporary authors, in no particular order — Doris Lessing, Jorge Luis Borges, Somtow Sucharitkul, Julian May — a hasty scramble motivated by the fear of leaving anyone out. This is not Aldiss. Aldiss is magisterial, though magnanimous; his reflections are considered and mature. Perhaps Wingrove deserves some of the credit for the reworking of earlier chapters; but if Aldiss rewrote 'The Future Now', he was unable to give it any sign of his authority, his personal or professional perspective. Which is a shame, but it's difficult to see how else the work could have been done. Aldiss, especially since *Helliconia,* has become eminent; and eminence, however deserved, is not the best vantage point for seeing what's going on in the streets and supermarkets. □

Colin Greenland is a freelance writer and critic. His first novel, Daybreak on a Different Mountain, *is published in paperback by Unwin. He is co-editor of* Interzone: the First Anthology, *published by Dent.*

New Statesman Binders

Keep your copies of the NS in good condition with a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs £4.50 (£8.50 for two). Send order with remittance to **New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

SCIENCE FICTION: 2

Time flies

Josephine Saxton

THE SHORT STORY is the forte of science fiction. Thousands have appeared in lurid-covered magazines, consumed by bug-eyed fans and unfortunately lost to those with loftier literary pretensions. It could be said that the genre was the Ark of the short story during those dark years when publishers believed that 'the public' did not want to read collections. Having just read two new collections, I can report with joy that sf writers new and established are creating some brilliant gems to stud a backcloth of too many dull and puffy novels.

The better of the two, **Best SF of the Year** (Gollancz, £10.95 & £3.95), is the choice of Terry Carr. It includes a story by Lucius Shepard, who has conjured a most vivid alternative and evil world of Nazi Germany, where clones await the arising of Hitler from the dead. That the access to this world begins on a beach in Spain, via drugs, is apparent nonsense, but the story is so well written that it becomes a work of art. This transformation is what fiction should be capable of doing. Ian Watson has contributed a memorable and well shaped parable, and Howard Waldrop a stunningly entertaining piece inspired by rock and roll and flying saucers, not subjects most writers would dare touch. 'Snow', by John Crowley, also lives in the memory, unlike his random videos of lost loves in a morgue of the future. All very much a *literature* of ideas.

Keith Roberts' uneven collection of very English stories, **The Lordly Ones** (Gollancz, £8.95), doesn't require a genre label, but the title story makes the book worth buying. Another, 'The Comfort Station', interlocks with this, being the same one in which the attendant of the first writes a journal during a war otherwise not described. Deeply felt and never sentimental, these, but 'Ariadne Potts', an overlong story of a statue come to life in order to wreak havoc in a man's cosy existence, epitomises an apparent obsession of Roberts. All his females are on pedestals or else extremely dangerous; if we ignore this irritation, the tales entertain.

The theme of loving perfection in the opposite sex is explored deeply in **The Silver Metal Lover** (Unwin, £2.95) by Tanith Lee, who has taken the inverse of Pygmalion and created a futuristic tragedy, nearer to tears and roses than rayguns. On the face of it this is little more than a runaway romance for teenagers, but I was pleasantly surprised to find it extremely well visualised in its future city filled with vividly alive characters, not least Silver, the robot. Tanith Lee is stunningly good on descriptions of decor for both rich and poor, and on intensity of emotion. Some may see the latter as schmaltz, but her skill diverted me from criticism while reading. For Christmas I would like a Silver, who is not a sex object but a martyr to man's envy.

Social comment is very much more to the foreground in two similar novels, one a reprint, Dick Morland's **Albion! Albion!** (Faber, £3.95). This claims to have prophesied Bradford and Brussels, but is more of a bloody Civil War story complete with fugitive up tree.

John Mckenzie's **City Whitelight** (Mainstream, £8.95) is more about parts of Glasgow now than a possible future Britain. It makes grim reading, with unrelieved violence, horror and despair, not to mention the Plague. This is a genuine *cri de coeur* submerged in numbing overemphasis, which gains little from its relocation and minimal use of the sf mode.

Eon (Gollancz, £10.95), Greg Bear's second novel, could not have been written outside of sf, for he grasps concepts which elude the minds of most people — the most abstruse aspects of Space-Time theory — and turns them into highly believable and readable fiction. A hollow asteroid in our sky, The Stone, like the best fairy mountains, is infinitely bigger on the inside than the outside, hence the presence of a genius mathematician. She finds, in a Borges-type library in one of The Stone's seven chambers, that our world's future is written as history, including a description of its end in two week's time!

This very substantial book has worlds within worlds, one of which is inhabited by Naderites, after Ralph Nader. The concepts are magnificently handled, but the many sub-plots pile up like layer-cake instead of interlocking. The narrative disappears down numerous rabbit-holes in space, emerging in standard sf puppet-theatre after all. Disappointing.

Greg Bear acknowledges 13 helpers, stating that 'a book as complicated as this one cannot be written alone'. I think he might do better next time in solitude with a pair of editing scissors, if his aim is a well-shaped book. Or could it be he is hoping for an endless television serial? □

Josephine Saxton's latest sf collection, The Travails of Jane Saint and Other Stories *is published by Women's Press.*

PHILOSOPHY: 1

Frontiers woman

Jean Radford

The Kristeva Reader
ed. TORIL MOI *Blackwell* £7.95

JULIA KRISTEVA'S WRITING is already known to those working in cultural politics and feminist theory but has not, until now, reached a wider audience in Britain. Toril Moi's selection of her essays, each carefully contextualised with a long, helpful introduction, attempts to do just that: to introduce Kristeva to a broader readership without domesticating her difficult, often 'strange' writings to the familiarities of our own debates.

Arriving as a stranger in Paris in 1966, Kristeva, a Bulgarian linguist, quickly became a leading figure in the Sixties discovery of the role of language in the human sciences. Initially a student of Barthes, she took on board the psychoanalytic theories of Lacan, joined the political group round *Tel Quel,* crossed swords with the feminists in 'Psych et Po' (Psychoanalysis and Politics), became a psychoanalyst and mother and, all the while, moved ever further on from the 'truths' of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her earlier positions. These essays reflect this complex interdisciplinary journey into a border country where linguistics meets psychoanalysis and philosophy intersects with politics.

Much of Kristeva's work up until 1974 was directly concerned with the relationship between subjectivity and language, and the first essay in this selection, 'The System and the Speaking Subject', provides an excellent summary of this project. Kristeva argues that although Marxism has 'produced powerful tools for understanding the economic determinants of social relations' it has little to say about the contemporary crisis in language, meaning and subjectivity. This is a 'gap in dialectical materialism' which traditional linguistics cannot address because it ignores questions of both agency and context in the production of meaning.

Kristeva's emphasis is on language as a *process* — not, as in Saussure's model, a system — and the 'subject' in her signifying process is always the divided subject of psychoanalytic theory as distinct from the unified, sovereign self of Cartesian philosophy. Divided, that is, because taking up a position within culture necessarily involves the repression of other possibilities. Certain bodily drives (the *chora*) may, however, survive both repression and sublimation and emerge as disruptions, contradictions or disturbances within the symbolic order. It is the revolutionary potential of these disruptions upon which Kristeva focuses.

The reader can follow Kristeva's theory of the signifying process and language acquisition in the sections taken from her *Revolution in Poetic Language* (1974), reproduced here with detailed and invaluable explanatory notes. *Revolution* examines the avant-garde writings of Joyce, Mallarmé and others for their linguistic disruptions and, although it may overestimate the *political* importance of these literary practices, Kristeva's mode of analysis is illuminating not merely for cultural theory but for all those who lived through the British debates about ideology and representation of the 1970s.

The second half of the collection, 'Women, Psycho-Analysis, and Politics', raises different issues. Often lumped together with Cixous, Montrelay and Irigaray under the rubric 'French Feminisms', Kristeva rejects both the category of 'women' and 'women's writing' and has a deliberately distanced relation to organised feminism. '*Woman as such* does not exist,' she contends in *About Chinese Women*. While conceding its usefulness in specific political struggles, Kristeva argues that the concept of 'woman' produced in the dichotomy 'man/woman' imposes a fixed sexual identity which is counterproductive to understanding and action. The insistence on and celebration of women's radical difference from men risks creating a counter-ideology which imprisons the multiplicity of female conditions and experiences in a single, unified essence: Woman. Ironically, she claims, a radical feminist project returns to the essentialism it set out to oppose. 'Women's Time', in which she develops this argument, is not I think *post*-feminist, but a brilliant, suggestive attempt to theorise the problems confronting contemporary feminism.

A common theme running through a group of later essays is the notion of 'truth' operating in

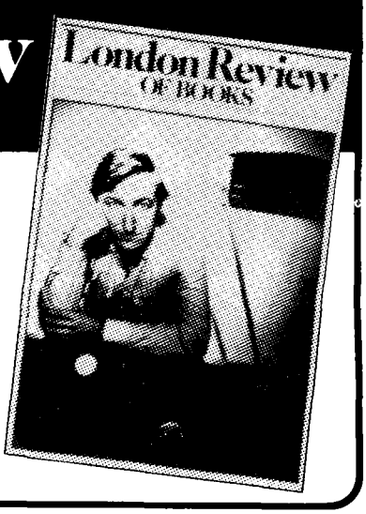
Jack Hulme

Raissa Page

Humorous and affectionate, the pictures in Jack Hulme's A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD (Yorkshire Art Circus, £12 & £6.80) chronicle everyday life and work in the pit village of Fryston across a span of 60 years, leaving out none of the highpoints: the General Strike, VE day, nationalisation, the first pithead baths and the first bricks laid at the welfare centre. The Fryston pit was newly sunk when Jack Hulme was born there in 1906; it's now closed. But, if his photographs suggest a closed chapter of social history, it is one whose evident resilience and sense of community share many continuities with the spirit of the 84-85 miners' strike, so vividly commemorated in STRIKING WOMEN: COMMUNITIES AND COAL (Pluto, £5.95). These celebratory images by Izabela Jedzrejczyk, Raissa Page, Brenda Prince and Imogen Young catch some of the optimism and energy released by women's involvement in the strike. (Liz Heron)

This week in the
London Review
OF BOOKS

Alan Ryan on the Enemies Within
Frank Field's Diary
M. F. Burnyeat on the Complete Works of Aristotle
Seamus Heaney rediscovers Sorley MacLean
Ian Hamilton on Julian Barnes



Out Now!
See your newsagent

London Review of Books, Tavistock House South,
Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JZ Tel: (01) 388 7487

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics and psychoanalysis. Kristeva attacks the 'superegotistical rationality' of theories (both Marxist and Freudian) which claim to offer exhaustive 'scientific' accounts of social and psychic life — their 'belief that light can rule everywhere, without a shadow'. The totalising drive toward 'the final explanation' is brilliantly anatomised, but Kristeva retains the notion of strategic truths. In psychoanalytic interpretation, for example, there is *at a given moment* a true (right or wrong) interpretation of the desire of the subject.

By analogy I would argue that political interpretation, the attempt to read the desires of collective 'subjects', can be right or wrong, can energise and enable change, or fail to. But Kristeva doesn't extend the claim for relative 'truth' to politics, partly because:

> The political interpretations of our century have produced two powerful and totalitarian results: Fascism and Stalinism.

For me, there is too much Hannah Arendt and not enough 20th-century history to such statements. Kristeva has her own 'totalising' impulses, stretching her analytic model to include phenomena which require quite different models of explanation — models which would have to include economic and historical concepts significantly absent here. Similiarly, recent developments in China are simply labelled another form of 'Stalinism', evidence of a political and historical simplification which weakens Kristeva's argument whenever she attempts concrete reference to the political.

If the range of reference in *The Kristeva Reader* is dazzling, the slide between philosophical argument, political events, case-histories and texts is also dizzying — at least to this reader, and I suspect to many British readers, whatever their specialisms. The effect of such writing is both outrageous and liberating: Kristeva breaks the rules and regularities of one's thinking habits, challenges the conventions by which certain connections, and not others, can be made. And though the language in which she does this is esoteric, it is nevertheless a language well worth learning. □

Jean Radford has written variously on psychoanalysis, feminism, culture; she has edited The Progress of Romance: The Politics of Popular Fiction, *to be published later this year by Routledge.*

WE'RE GROWING FAST

Every quarter the Poetry Book Society ransacks publishers' lists to bring you the best of the new poetry titles **all at discount**. In return for your annual subscription of £15.50 you receive:

- ☐ four quarterly **Choices**, selected by poets Gillian Clarke and David Constantine
- ☐ the chance to buy at discount from our quarterly lists of **Recommendations**
- ☐ the quarterly **PBS Bulletin**, packed with special articles, poems and previews
- ☐ our exclusive 96pp **Winter Poetry Supplement**, edited by Jonathan Barker
- ☐ an immediate **extra-special offer** for new members only
- ☐ access to all our other **special book offers**
- ☐ an introductory free gift of Ted Hughes' and Seamus Heaney's acclaimed anthology **The Rattle Bag** (published price £5.95) or a **£4.00 PBS book voucher**

That's at least **£27.00** in value for your annual subscription of £15.50 – an unbeatable bargain!

Write for full details to Membership Dept., Poetry Book Society, 21 Earls Court Square, London SW5 9DE

POETRY BOOK SOCIETY

JOIN US!

PHILOSOPHY: 2

Down to earth

Angus Calder

The Crisis of the Democratic Intellect
GEORGE DAVIE *Polygon* £17.95

GEORGE DAVIE'S *The Democratic Intellect* appeared a quarter of a century ago and has become a hallowed text among Scottish home-rulers. It surveys the intellectual life of Victorian universities where lads-o'-pairts from the commonalty could argue freely with distinguished professors of philosophy. In this sequel, confident within that tradition, Davie sides with John Anderson, the Scottish philosopher who emigrated to found an important new intellectual tradition in Australia, against the mighty Gilbert Ryle.

He discerns a contrast of cultures underlying the dispute between Anderson, from his plebeian Scottish background, and the bourgeois-aristocratic milieu in which Oxbridge philosophy has operated. He points out that just as Russell and Moore, when discussing the fundamental issue of the nature of our experience of colours in relation to each other and to our experience of shape, 'speak as if our orginal source . . . were the colour charts used by firms selling paints', so their discussion of our understanding of the nature of time 'takes it for granted that we are born and grow up in a world which possesses a ready-made supply of mechanical clocks'. From where comes that consciousness which invented clocks? Russell doesn't ask how 'the accurate knowledge of science arises out of the ordinary knowledge got by the senses without the aid of instruments'. Such radical questions weren't shunned by the luminaries of Scottish Enlightenment.

Most *NS* readers, I imagine, would be revolted by this notion: 'Socrates was a deviant who was rightly punished for corrupting youth with his useless thoughts.' But I reckon that most would be equally disturbed by the suggestion that knowledge of classical poetry and philosophy in their original languages should be essential for university students. Davie, however, challenges us to confront a position, broadly like Anderson's, in which the study of classics is seen as a good thing, favourable rather than hostile to scientific advance, because philosophy, poetry and science are all concerned with the task of criticising, like Socrates, 'the ordinary point of view of the community to which they belong, with a view to calling attention to the things which are taken for granted' — that is, to exposing current illusions.

He associates this position with an anti-elitist elitism: we should educate chosen people especially well, but select them from the broad mass of the population and cultivate a social environment in which their ideas are understood and, where necessary, challenged. This recalls Hugh MacDiarmid's vision of a Glasgow in which crowds pack Ibrox stadium to hear scientific lectures and newsvendors cry, 'Special: Turkish poet's abstruse new song!'

All our reasoning, after all, according to Davie, depends on 'common sense' in two different but overlapping definitions. We can form abstractions and make intellectual advances only through a faculty using the combination of all five senses; also, our sure knowledge of the world arises from social interaction. Invoking the Scottish 'common sense school' of philosophy, which began in a context where logic, literature and science were treated as indivisible, Davie sets a continuous, ever-modulating tradition against what he sees as the ultimately crude Utilitarianism of Oxbridge philosophy. Mind is divided from body in advanced thought, and philosophy from science, while schools and universities go in for excessive specialisation.

Davie is excited by the recent establishment of studies in artificial intelligence and epistemics ('cognitive science') at his own *alma mater*, Edinburgh University, and even by the new Chair of Parapsychology which has just been set up there with the late Arthur Koestler's money. The Scottish traditions which he extols are, it seems, of new and special relevance in the coming era when 'the curriculum will once again be organised around the principle of generalism'.

Davie's argumentation involves constant to-ing and fro-ing between 'timeless' philosophical issues, about which Plato can still, he thinks, teach us something, and the history of education and thought in 20th-century Scotland. The generalist tradition of Scottish education was embattled with the Anglicising and modernising tendencies of the Scottish Education Department, which won much support from school teachers. But, in 1927, after a decade of bruising controversy, the Scottish Universities secured a position where candidates for the three years' Ordinary Degree, as opposed to four years' Honours, had to study philosophy at the centre of their curriculum. It is not a very easy story to follow, but out of it Davie's three cardinal heroes arise.

John Burnet, Professor of Greek at St Andrews from 1891 to 1926, was a committed generalist. Davie sees his posthumous influence behind the New Universities of Keele and Sussex. John Anderson (b. 1894) is compared and contrasted with his coeval 'Hugh MacDiarmid' — C. M. Grieve (b. 1892) — who contributed in the 1920s to the *Scottish Educational Journal* while simultaneously producing poetry in the Scots tongue which was 'modernist' in the literary sense of that term but also 'metaphysical' in the old Scottish way, confronting 'timeless' philosophical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems with new evolutionary theory. 'Both Anderson and Grieve uphold the anti-utilitarian or, as one might say, realist attitude for which life is a walk by a bleak seashore which parts the certain and the limitless . . .' While Anderson travelled from Marxism to neo-Calvinism, Grieve moved in the other direction, to embrace post-Aristotelian logic (though from a European not an English source). If Davie had done nothing else in this fascinating book, his elucidation of the philosophical bearings of one of the greatest 20th-century poets would have made it sufficiently momentous. □

Angus Calder is the author of The People's War, *available in paperback from Panther and just reissued in hardback by Cape.*

FIRST NOVELS

Christian love

Sara Maitland

The Mission
ROBERT BOLT *Penguin* £2.95
Lapsing
JILL PATON WALSH *Weidenfeld* £9.95
Lilian's Story
KATE GRENVILLE *Viking* £9.95
Daughters of the Twilight
FARIDA KARODIA *Women's Press* £7.95 & £3.95
The Men who Mastered Time
DAVID BUTLER *Heinemann* £10.95

IT DOES SEEM a bit odd to be writing about such distinguished writers as either Robert Bolt (scriptwriter of *A Man for All Seasons, Lawrence of Arabia, Dr Zhivago*) or Jill Paton Walsh, an exceptional children's writer, as first novelists. Both their books are, however, first novels and both are interesting. Bolt's **The Mission** is a mongrel animal: the novel of the film as opposed to the old way around. A big film certainly can sell a book — look at *Out of Africa* — and so there ought to be a book to be sold. Bolt obliges.

Set in South America in the 18th century, the novel is about the political struggles over sovereignty and slavery (officially permitted by the Portuguese crown, officially illegal in Spanish territories, though a fat lot of difference it made in practice). The principal defenders of the human rights of native Americans were, perhaps ironically, the Roman Catholic Church's religious orders. The novel's hero is first slave trader and later (after killing off his beloved brother) Jesuit missionary. His desire for expiation and his doubts as to the effectiveness of Christian love form the emotional content of the book. It is a neat job: a rip-roaring yarn which uses the conventions of classical tragedy to justify a high degree of pretty repellent violence. Despite its self-evident cynicism, I challenge anyone to read it without considerable pleasure of an easy sort.

But Bolt is a dramatist not a novelist and it shows: it is odd to read a whole novel which has no interiority at all, scarcely a 'he thought' or 'he felt' throughout; all meaning is carried in action and scenic description and the deficiency is patent. (I nearly, but not quite, managed not to bother saying that it is very sexist.)

Jill Paton Walsh's **Lapsing** is also about a religious crisis. There are no other points of similarity. I think it is an extraordinary novel: delicate, clever, serious and funny. Tessa, very young, very Catholic and very seriously concerned with right conduct and right thought finds herself in Oxford in the 1950s dealing with an emotional dilemma (she loves a priest and he loves her) on which the church has no usable guidance whatsoever. Her solution combines a naive optimism and intellectual correctness and an emotional disaster of a sort that many of us who were students in the late Seventies — perhaps at any other time — cannot but identify with. It is not an optimistic book, but one that is radiant with seriousness and perception and very crafty writing — and it has a wonderfully innocent-seeming naturalistic structure which allows depth and complexity to shine through it.

The blurb for **Lilian's Story** by Kate Grenville tells us that it is a fictionalised biography of a legendary Australian eccentric and this may perhaps explain its enormous success in Australia. But this element, which I can imagine would give depth to the text, was entirely lost on me. Lilian is overweight, too clever for her own good and loony. Her inability to manage a reasonable social life drives her to increasing eccentricity whence she gains happiness. The narrative is carried in tiny vignettes, many of which are both funny and touching, and the disassociation between them may well reflect insanity rather nicely, but they do not make for satisfactory reading.

A little while ago I wrote in a review of Lewis Nkosi's novel *Mating Birds* that I felt that the trope of the white woman lying about her rape by a black man was pretty much exhausted as a useful image of the evils of apartheid. In **Daughters of the Twilight** Farida Karodia has reversed this: the central theme here is the rape of an Indian South African by a white man. It makes an interesting change and, indeed, seeing South Africa through the eyes of a young Indian woman does give an added dimension of complexity to a scenario too often painted crudely black and white. But my feeling that rape is a tricky image was proven as much in the reversal as in the original — is sexual violence the only image of political violence that the novel can cope with? If so, this is depressing. Karodia has created a successful first-person narrator and some convincing evocative landscapes but, beyond its 'information' bestowing capacities, I did not find this a great or even greatly moving novel.

Finally I do not have much idea what to make of **The Men Who Mastered Time** beyond the fact that it deserves a mention: it is a sort of H. G. Wells plus high tech romp involving a motley cast of characters ranging from contemporary academics to S. T. Coleridge. I don't read a lot of sf and am perhaps not qualified to judge, but I was captivated both by the ideas and by their deft manipulation by David Butler: an ideal book for a reasonably well-educated flu sufferer. □

The Noble Lie

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION AND THE RULE OF LAW

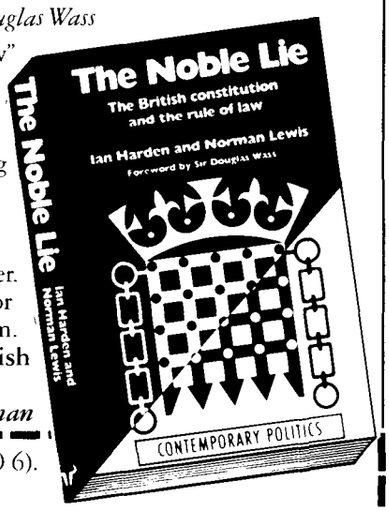
Ian Harden and Norman Lewis Foreword by Sir Douglas Wass

"The British Constitution" and "The Rule of Law" are two powerful concepts which embody the idea that the British people live under a system of open, accountable, democratic government.

The authors of **The Noble Lie** have taken a long hard look at these cherished beliefs and argue that they do not stand up to rational investigation. They show that a revised concept of law could advance a system of legitimate – and acceptable – public power.

The Noble Lie will become essential reading for all those seriously interested in constitutional reform.

"An important contribution to the study of British administrative and constitutional practice."
Lord Scarman


The Noble Lie
The British constitution and the rule of law
Ian Harden and Norman Lewis
Foreword by Sir Douglas Wass
The Noble Lie
Ian Harden and Norman Lewis
CONTEMPORARY POLITICS

Please send me a copy of **The Noble Lie** (09 164130 6).
I enclose a cheque/postal order for **£25.00.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

To: Adele Fuller, Hutchinson Education, FREEPOST, London WC2N 4BR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Panorama pandemonium

John Torode, The Independent
You devote a full page (*NS* 24 Oct.) to the complaint that the BBC has, wrongly, 'abandoned its reporters' as part of the *Panorama* settlement. What really happened was that *Panorama* carried a series of allegations and innuendos which, if true, would quite properly have destroyed the parliamentary careers of two young MPs.

These allegations had been around for several years. No responsible publication, yours included, touched them. They simply did not stand up. Either out of amateurishness or malice, the BBC ran those smears which wrongly identified the MPs as fascists and racists. Management compounded that error by refusing to apologise or to abandon its reporters untenable accusations until the last minute.

The idea of radical, investigative journalism is to get the facts right and to name the guilty men. Not to get the facts wrong and to smear the innocent. If the BBC is, belatedly abandoning guilt by association, you, like all other professional journalists, should celebrate, not complain.

Academic freedom

Theodore C. Cooper, Chairman, Oxford Association of University Teachers
Paul Hirst, in his article 'The Ruskin row: free speech and solidarity' (*NS* 24 Oct.), says that 'bringing the college into disrepute' has recently been adopted as a ground for dismissal 'at Ruskin with the support of the local branch of the Association of University Teachers'. The Oxford Association of University Teachers has not been consulted about any such change, and if it were it would of course oppose it for the same reasons as Professor Hirst does.

Turning the cutting edge

Andrew Neil, Editor, Sunday Times
Correcting the lies and distortions in the *New Statesman* about the *Sunday Times* is becoming a full-time job — and not one for which I wish to volunteer. But your remark 'Newspapers are not now as interested as they were in investigations . . . most notably the *Sunday Times* Insight logo is used rarely, and usually for short-winded stories' (*NS* 24 Oct.) is such plain nonsense that it cannot be allowed to stand unchallenged.

Does editing the *New Statesman* make you blind? This year alone the Insight logo has been used 33 times — an average of just under once a week, which is hardly rare usage for a weekly newspaper. At least ten of these pieces were major Insight investigations of over 2,000 words each; several were over 5,000 words each, which is hardly short-winded.

Among Insight's major achievements this year were the three-page exposé of Israel's nuclear bomb factory; lifting the veil on the money-making activities of Trevor Nunn and Peter Hall; Tiny Rowland's secret gem trade; the exposing of the Hunger Project as a dubious charity; the child carpet slaves of India; and the fullest account to date of the Greenpeace affair.

The Insight team can be proud of its work this year which shows that investigative journalism has never been healthier. I challenge the many detractors of the *Sunday Times* to produce a better ten months in Insight's history.

Books and South Africa: *John A. Stotesbury expands the debate*

The *New Statesman* has in two recent issues (26 Sept. and 10 Oct.) raised the issue of a South African cultural boycott that would include a book boycott. One area of white South African writing — widely distributed by some of the main British publishers with subsidiaries in South Africa — remains, however, largely ignored: the popular paperback thriller with a modern, politicised Southern African setting.

The international standard bearer in recent years has been Wilbur Smith, whom the introductory blurb in his Pan editions describes as having a 'deep commitment' to the continent of Africa. A brief examination of his 1970 novel *Gold Mine*, recently re-issued, reveals the true depth of that commitment. The white hero is complemented, since brain power requires muscle for its effective exploitation, by the inclusion of a black Shangaan miner, Big King. Big King, we are informed, 'was a legend. They boasted about him; how much Bantu beer he could drink in a sitting, how much rock he could lash single-handedly in a shift'. But part of the 'legend', from the reader's viewpoint, is a bar-room brawl which 'drove Big King beyond the frontiers of sanity into the atavistic fury of the berserker', an 'atavistic' insanity which leads Big King to murder a Portuguese trader. At the climax, it is, of course, the white manager who survives, not through any heroic self-sacrifice on the part of Big King, but because Wilbur Smith's African, lacking sanity and possessed by atavistic fury, could scarcely be expected to leave the field of conflict alive.

The thriller functions according to easily observable formulae which are simplistic and easily exploited by the skilled writer. The 13 novels by the Pretoria-based Geoffrey Jenkins (Collins/Fontana) are classic examples, conservatively conceived and crafted to emphasise the importance of protecting the integral security of the state at all costs.

A more recent arrival in British and South African bookstores is Peter Essex, whose *The Exile* appeared in Fontana paperback in 1985. 'My viewpoint,' he has written, 'is that South Africans — the Boers if you like — are not as bad as the media of the world would have it. I believe in fairness, and to be fair to the white South Africans, I wrote *The Exile*.' He sets up a pair of contending protagonists, an Ovambo (Mazambaan) and a South African (McGee) in a Namibian setting. One, McGee, approaches the Western norm of behaviour; the other deviates enormously. Mazambaan develops a childhood taste for homicide, killing a playmate rival: 'he felt no remorse, he did not see why he should.' Set against the historical (1959) black uprisings in Namibia, the novel soon identifies the black homicide with his people: 'White South West Africa stood back aghast, unable to believe that such a monster could have been slumbering in the woodshed. Beserk with hunger, it tore down the door and raged across the land.' The narrator's conclusion is adamant: 'It had to be stopped because now it was a killer, now it had gone mad.'

W. H. Allen/Star Books have published a more complex writer, Johannesburg-based Colin Ainsworth Sharp, whose three novels thus far have exploited the now legally defunct taboo of interracial sex. *Borderline* (1983) takes on the 'Coloureds' of South Africa; among the many anti-heroic characters, it is a pair of Coloureds, Tina and Gerrit de Kock, who play the central rôle in a plot to assassinate the president of the republic. Tina is able to pass for white. Her brother, though, is much darker in complexion, a stigma which gives rise to a psychopathic ambiguity of 'suppressed yet bitter hatred of the system'. Sharp is obsessed with Intelligence Quotients throughout the novel. Whites, even foreign subversives, have high IQs; blacks, as one SWAPO guerrilla is given to think, often have 'IQs in the lower forties and when given an automatic weapon react like dangerous children'. But it is the intelligent, educated Gerrit de Kock, the borderline case, who betrays the assassination under stress, suffering a massive nervous breakdown. His 'white' qualities of intelligence and business acumen are countered by such detriments as guile and the capacity for incest. Needless to say, the quiet hero turns out to be an Afrikaner police detective responsible for investigating the rumours and results of the attempted assassination.

Here, then, in these three not untypical examples of popular South African fiction published in Britain, we have the exploitation of grossly manipulated stereotypes which all contribute to a racist image of the non-white South African. The rule in these thrillers is that the status quo must be preserved at all costs. The literary rule is that of a racism promoted as an integral component of each novel. As Peter Essex has written to me, 'I knew that in order to get such material published the book [*The Exile*] would have to be highly commercial. No publisher on this earth would be prepared to go to print with something that slightly favoured the Boers unless it was thought that there was a good chance of making a lot of money out of it.'

John A. Stotesbury is Lecturer in English at the University of Joensuu, Finland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

CITY SELECTION, 157-159 Whitecross Street, London EC1Y 8JL. 01-253 0055. We have many opportunities for secretaries/pas, wps, clerks and receptionists in a wide variety of interesting jobs — both temp and perm. PAYMENT SAME WEEK! N24.3

ROBIN CORBETT MP seeks experienced, full-time Secretary with word processing skills. Hand written applications with cv for job description to: House of Commons, London SW1A 0AA. N44.1

NATIONAL UNION OF JOURNALISTS

The NUJ requires an experienced **Secretary** to assist the Assistant Secretary of the Union. This is a demanding post to which the successful applicant will need to bring a high level of skills, including **audio typing and the maintenance of a complex filing system.**

Salary £176 pw

Please supply current cv and a letter of application to: **The Head Office Administrator, NUJ, 314 Grays Inn Road, London WC1X 8DP** on or before **18 November 1986**.

The successful applicant will be required to join APEX.

The NUJ is an equal opportunities employer.

WAR ON WANT

seeks

NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS OFFICER

This is a third post for War on Want's Campaigns Office working alongside another Campaigns Officer and the Women's Officer: work will involve shared responsibility for **building links with trade unions,** the **peace and student movements** and **other constituencies** — in order to further War on Want's work in promoting **development issues in Britain**.

SALARY: **£11,358 p.a.**

For job description and application form please send sae to:

The Personnel Office
War on Want
1 London Bridge Street
London SE1 9SG

WAR ON WANT

Date for return of completed application form is
21 NOVEMBER 1986

THE LABOUR PARTY

has a short-term vacancy, for an

INFORMATION OFFICER

The Information Unit, which is now an integral part of the Policy Directorate, consists of an Information Officer and an Assistant. It is one of the busiest sections at Head Office. It is, in effect, the 'public face' of the Party for all those who contact Head Office with general queries — by letter or by phone; and these queries come from the general public, from students and from Party members and representatives.

The successful applicant will thus have considerable knowledge and experience of the Labour Party and the Labour Movement; will have the skills needed to communicate successfully with all sections of the community; and be able to project a positive and helpful image for the Party. He or she will also be able to undertake lectures, about the Party, to groups of visitors to Head Office.

This post is as a **short-term one, for twelve months.** Salaray Range: **£11,850-£13,760** inclusive of London Weighting.

Application forms for this post can be obtained from: **The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT. Tel: 01-703 1064.**

Completed application forms should be returned by

FRIDAY 14 NOVEMBER 1986

The Labour Party is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

TOWN CLERK'S DEPARTMENT

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR LESBIANS IN MANCHESTER

The City Council wants to get things right for all Lesbians in Manchester. We need someone who:

— understands what needs to change to make local authority services right for lesbians
— has the ability to turn their ideas into reports and action across a large scale urban Authority
— understands the issues facing lesbians of all backgrounds and lifestyles
— is committed to working in an anti-racist way
— has previous experience of working for change

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFICER (LESBIANS)

SO1/2 **£10,569/£12,297**

You will work alongside our other Equal Opportunities Officer (Lesbians) as part of the Equal Opportunities Unit team, which develops and implements policies for lesbians, gay men, women and disabled people. You will work closely with our new Race Unit. You will have particular responsibility for lesbian issues in Housing, Social Services and Cultural Services.

You will be asked to include on your application form your ideas on how you would approach this job.

This is a readvertisement. Previous applicants need not reapply.

A 35 hour week operates on a flexi-time basis with some evening and weekend work.

THIS POST IS AVAILABLE FOR JOB SHARE

NUCLEAR FREE ZONE UNIT

MANCHESTER City Council — Defending Jobs - Improving Services

We have established a Nuclear Free Zone Unit in the Town Clerk's Department to develop the Council's policy and the activities of the National Steering Committee acting for the Nuclear Free Zone Authorities. The work of the Unit and the National Steering Committee covers development of peace initiatives, analysis and report on relevant legislation, development of links with Trade Unions and Community Groups on nuclear free issues, conference organisation, provision of advice to local peace groups and carrying out research projects. Issues covered include civil defence, peace education, transportation of nuclear waste/weapons and nuclear power.

We need the following:

DEVELOPMENT WORKER

TEMPORARY CONTRACT UP TILL THE END OF APRIL 1987

SO1/2 **(£10,569/£12,297)** REF: TC2S

We need someone who is committed to the Nuclear Free Zone Movement, is aware of our obligations in respect of civil defence and emergency planning and has an appreciation of government strategies and policies. Duties include responsibility for developing national initiatives.

ADMINISTRATION AND ORGANISATION WORKER

SCALE 5/6 **(£8,391/£10,164)** REF: TC2T

To be responsible for providing a wide range of organisational and administrative support for the National Steering Committee, servicing all National Steering Committee meetings, assisting various Nuclear Free Zone Authority Forums, servicing supporting authorities and assisting with work in connection with the International Secretariat.

THESE POSTS ARE AVAILABLE FOR JOB SHARE

Application forms and job descriptions for both posts from **the Staff Office, Town Clerk's Department, P.O. Box 532, Town Hall, Manchester, M60 2LA. Tel: 061-234 3077.**

Closing date: **14 November**

The City Council operates a Union Membership Agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Trade Union.

MANCHESTER City Council — Defending Jobs - Improving Services

Manchester City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer, and we positively welcome applications from women and men, regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age up to 65, sexuality or responsibilities for dependants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLICE
MONITORING
UNIT

RESEARCH AND CAMPAIGN JOURNALIST

POLICE MONITORING UNIT

Scale SO1/2 **£10,569/£12,297**

The Council's Police Monitoring Committee aims to further the interests of the local community in the real accountability of the Police, and to promote Policing policies which meet the community's needs.

The Unit is responsible for advising the Committee in these matters.

Your duties include planning and production of the campaigning bi-monthly 'Police Watch' journal and advising on issues relating to policing matters at local and national level.

You must be able to develop a working relationship with the media and experience in editorial and production work to preset deadlines is essential.

THIS POST IS ELIGIBLE FOR JOB SHARE

For informal discussion contact **Steve Wright on 061-234 1212.**

Job Description, detailed terms of reference of the Committee and an application form from: **The Staff Officer, Town Clerk's Department, Town Hall, Manchester, M60 2LA.** Tel: **061-234 3077.**

Closing date: **21 November**

The City Council operates a Union Membership Agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Trade Union.

Manchester City Council is an Equal Opportunity Employer, and we positively welcome applications from women and men, regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age up to 65, sexuality or responsibilities for dependants.

MANCHESTER
City Council
Defending Jobs - Improving Services

WRITERS

THE LONDON WRITING ROOMS, where writers can work undisturbed 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. A congenial atmosphere in London EC1. Private desk space with or without locker. Only £23-£28 per week. Tel. 01-278 7879. N44.4

BOOKS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49.24

GROUPS

AGAINST HARMING yourself, others and animals? This requires avoiding tobacco, alcohol, animal products, religion (major excuse for violence), and most importantly, the creation of more of our species, because it is still violent after at least one million years. To contact Vegans Against Creating Children, send sae to: BM VACC, London WC1N 3XX. N44.3

SERVICES

THE TYPING POOL *a woman's co-operative.* Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489. N49.28

Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49.39

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlet, book list, *programme. Free talks or discussions, Sundays* 8-9pm ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N40.6

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49.30

LANGUEDOC (FRANCE) — attractive, comfortable cottage in picturesque village. 3 dble bdrms, 2 bthrms, sitting room, kitchen & roof terrace. Avail. long winter lets. £50 p.w. Tel. 01-385 3295 (eves). N41.9

PURSUITS

EARLY-RETIRING Sociologist, 54, seeks companion(s) for 2-3 year globe-trot USA, USSR, India, Australasia, etc. Details Box (44)4011. N44.5

MALE, 44, with piano in York, seeks female acquaintance(s) to explore chamber music (duets, violin, etc). Tel. York 644822, or Box (44)4015. N44.6

OPERA LOVER, female, 30, occasionally persuades friends to visit opera, but seeks companion for more relaxed and frequent visits. London. Box (44)4000. N44.7

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER
SENIOR FELLOWSHIPS

Applications are invited for

SIMON RESEARCH FELLOWSHIPS

in any of the **Social Sciences**, including **Law and Education**, tenable during the academic session 1987/88. Stipends normally within the range **£8,020-£15,700 p.a.** (under review) (Simon Research Fellowships) or **£14,870-£18,625 p.a.** (under review) (Simon Senior Research Fellowships) according to qualifications and experience.

Applications are invited for

HALLSWORTH FELLOWSHIPS

in advanced work in the field of **Political Economy** (including **Public Administration**). Stipends within the range **£8,020-£22,340 p.a.** (under review) according to qualifications and experience.

These Fellowships are not awarded for postgraduate study and applicants should have experience which will qualify them to carry out a substantial piece of original research. Enquiries about the scope of the Fellowships are welcomed. Further particulars and application forms (returnable by **1 December**) are obtainable from **the Registrar (Academic Staffing), The University, Manchester M13 9PL.** Please state for which Fellowship details are required and quote ref. **247/86/NS.**

HEARTSEARCH

ACTIVE, INDEPENDENT woman hopes to meet tall, straightforward man, with time for delight. Hospitable, smokefree NW household with two remedial cats, O.L. son. Box (44)3991. N44.8

AFFECTIONATE, GENTLE bearded man, PhD, late 30s, teacher wanting job change, seeks affectionate woman to share travel, walking, camping, music, theatre. Edinburgh/Glasgow. Box (43)3939. N43.5

AFFINITIES. *Discerning dating & definitely different* events programme, eg Racing Car driving, Falconry weekend, for professional singles like you. Tel: 01-226 3337 for further details. Box (40)3817. N40.9

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. Subscription £7 per *annum. Ring* 01-586 2274. N49.19

ATTRACTIVE, CLAUSTROPHOBIC writer, 40, with humour and imagination, seeks compatible man for walking, talking, fun and love. Write with photo please. Box (44)3999. N44.9

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, Irish woman, divorced, 5' 6", wishes to meet tall, intelligent, *unmarried man for companionship. Enjoys the arts,* music, cinema. Box (44)3986. N44.10

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

EDUCATED, WELL-ESTABLISHED, professional woman (40), interested walking, talking, reading, writing with socialist overtones, seeks a man with some similar interests. Huddersfield area. Box (44)4008. N44.11

EX-DIPLOMAT, Middle-Eastern, 51, graduate, amusing, business consultant, separated, hopes to *start again with slim, middle-class woman, to enjoy* life together. Recent photo appreciated. Box (42)3899. N42.7

FRIENDLY, Semi-Continental woman seeks genuinely unattached man (over 55), for occasional weekend companionship at concerts, Covent Garden, theatre. Intelligence, kindness, humour essential; cosmopolitan outlook, relaxed friendship a *bonus. London.* Box (44)4012. N44.12

GENUINELY LAME DUCK wanted by very attractive drake. Classical music fan preferred. London, Cambridge, universe, etc. Box (44)3976. N44.13

DRAWING DOWN
THE MOON
The thinking person's
Dating Agency.
New address:
7-11 Kensington High Street,
London W8 5NP
Tel: **01-938 1721**

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the
40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent,
18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB
Telephone: 01-226 5432

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a Credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

HOVE/BRIGHTON: newly settled, male, mid-70s, socialist, non-smoker, easy-going and obdurate, seeks woman companion with car. Box (44)3983. N44.14

I'M 36, living North Worcestershire, interests include: outdoors, music, politics. I'm looking for a humorous, intelligent, unattached man, nearish, to share good times and adventures. Photo? Box (44)3987. N44.15

INTERESTING MALE, 39, professional, job-sharing, socialist enjoys food, cinema, intelligent cum humorous conversation etc., seeks warm, attractive, independent woman. Photo appreciated. West Midlands but also North West and Wales. Box (44)3990. N44.16

LADY, 43, *living* Kent. Interests: green and environmental issues, wholefood cooking, arts, music — wishes to meet fairly quiet, tall, kind man for permanent relationship. Box (44)3974. N44.17

LEFT-WING WOMAN WANTED, 30s+. Possible interests: literature, countryside, folk/orchestral music. Male author/lecturer, 54, pleasant looks, non-smoker, seeks caring relationship, perhaps to start late family. Photo please. London area. Box (44)3975. N44.18

LIFE IN LEEDS is lonely without a loving friend. Passionate female Tigger seeks 40-55-ish Pooh for companionable bouncing. Also loves hills, conversation, Haydn, Hockney, wholefood. 5' 10", attractive, independent, non-smoking but tolerant, long dark hair. Box (44)4013. N44.19

LONDON MALE, unattached, 60, short, thickset, well-preserved, healthy, salaried. Car, flat, non-gregarious, non-intellectual, limited interests, easy temperament, seeks individual female currently lacking male loyalty and integral support. Your reply scrupulously respected. Box (44)3977. N44.20

MALE, 36, intelligent, caring, reliable, humorous, non-smoker, unemployed, seeks female for sincere relationship. Likes: music, films, pubs, some sports. London area. Box (44)3985. N44.21

MALE TEACHER, London/Yorkshire, 39, single, non-smoker, fairly attractive, wishes to meet attractive woman for walks, theatre, cinema, etc. No objection to children. Photo appreciated. Box (43)3957. N43.21

MANCHESTER MALE, graduate, 30, attractive, energetic, intellectual, affectionate. Brimming with life and amusement, seeks similar, slim woman. Your *photo appreciated and returned.* A.L.A. Box (44)4005. N44.22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARRIED MAN SEEKS MARRIED WOMAN for happy interludes in a stressful life. Successful professional, 39. I like theatre, dining out, and conversation. London/South East. Box (42)3904. N42.12

NEXUS. Alone, seeking friendship/marriage. Don't know where to begin, tried everything, getting nowhere. Learn how to make the personal columns, clubs, introduction agencies work for you. Tel. 01-360 0859 for brochure. N44.23

PRETTY, CLEVER, gentle and cheerful single girl, would like to meet confident, sensuous, socialist and unattached man (up to early 40s), for expressive/exploring relationship. Disposition more important than looks. South East. All replies acknowledged. Box (44)3972. N44.24

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, socialist, 42, attractive, vital, warm, savours ideas, creativity in many aspects of life, humour, walking, seeks tall man of intelligence, integrity and sensitivity for long-term fun, mutual support, challenge and growth. *Nottingham.* Box (44)3978. N44.25

RECENTLY RETIRED professional woman, independent, affectionate, enjoying theatre, cinema, arts generally, country, wining & dining, travel seeks intelligent, cultured, unattached male companion with similar interests. Please write fully. Photo appreciated. Box (44) 4014. N44.26

ROUGH DIAMOND, Londoner, male, 49, late developer, seeks female culture vulture, to smooth edges. Dry sense of humour, diminished by divorce and romance needs enrichment. Box (44) 3981. N44.27

SENSE & SENSIBILITY required by an attractive woman (early thirties), who has had enough of Pride and Prejudice. Only men of honour, definitely with a sense of humour, should apply. Box (44)3988. N44.28

SINGLE, ELIGIBLE gentleman, 38, tall, good brain and physical stature, seeks commensurate gentlewoman (tall, younger, unmarried, graduate). Anywhere. Box (44)3982. N44.29

SINGLE WOMAN facing winter of discontent? York based single man, 60s, graduate, arts/politics interests, seeks fireside companion. Must be health and fashion conscious. Box (44)4009. N44.30

SLIM, UNATTACHED lady academic (40), interested arts, dancing, countryside, travel, seeks sensitive, relaxed, intelligent man. N. West/anywhere! Box (44)4008. N44.31

SUCCESSFUL, PROFESSIONAL, married, mobile male, 45, seeks lively, lovely lady, for light-hearted liaison. London/Surrey. Box (44)3979. N44.32

SURREY: ENGLISH lady, young 50, slim, cultured, country loving, seeks dignified, cultured and unattached man, 50s, for long-term and caring relationship. Letter. Photo. Box (44)3973. N44.32

WEST MIDLANDS: attractive, aesthetic, affectionate graduate professional woman, divorced, seeks genuine, intelligent, professional man, 60+ (Jewish n/o), for close relationship. Interests: visual arts, countryside, gardening, travel. Box (44)3984. N44.34

W. YORKSHIRE male, 30, paralysed from chest down, but still sane, still okay. I'm a graduate, driver, writer of fiction, eater out, theatre goer. All I want is a beautiful, intelligent woman, 20-40ish. Photo please, will be returned. Box (43)3956. N43.29

YOU ARE a woman, 25-32, non-smoker, intelligent, patient, independent. I am a man, 31, and would really like to meet you, for meals, cycling, travel, fun. London. Box (44)3980. N44.35

BILLBOARD

Enquiries: Laura Berryman 01-251 5487

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **ANIMAL FARM, PRAVDA — A FLEET STREET COMEDY.** Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **TONS OF MONEY.** Cottesloe (small auditorium) *THEATRE CLOSED FOR MAINTENANCE UNTIL 10 NOV.* See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. 2 & 3 Nov 8pm **POST CLASSICAL BALLET.** 4 & 5 Nov 7.30pm **FUTURITIES** with **Steve Lacey and Dancers.** 6-8 Nov 8pm **PETER HAMMILL.**

AGENDA

SAT 1 NOV

ALL I NEED IS THE AIR I BREATH. A European policy for the environment — public event organised by London West European Constituency Labour Party. Speakers: Allan Roberts MP; Ken Collins MEP; Michael Elliott MEP (London West). Chair: Michael Gold PPC. 2-5pm, Richmond Adult & Community College, Parkshot, Richmond. (Richmond Station 3 mins; buses: 27, 33, 37, 65, 71, 90B, 270, 290). Admission free, refreshments, creche, disabled access.

MON 3 NOV

THE POLITICS OF ARCHIVES. London History Workshop Seminar, 7.30pm, Upstairs at the White Swan, New Row, London WC1. Collection. Archivists and archive users all welcome.

THURS 6 NOV

CAMDEN PRINTWORKERS SUPPORT GROUP. *Public Meeting. Wapping–The Struggle Continues.* Speakers: Jimmy Knapp, NUR, Tony Dubbins, NGA, Liz Short of SOGAT. 8pm, Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, opposite Belsize Park tube.

WORKERS AGAINST RACISM INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE
Racism – The Spectre Haunting Europe
2 November 1986
Aston University, Birmingham
Guest speakers from France, Germany and other European countries
For further details tel: 01-729 0414

FABIAN society
FABIAN AUTUMN DEBATES
Socialism and Feminism
A series of debates on recent developments in feminism

Wednesday 5 November 7.30pm
Women as Victims
Clare Short MP
Loretta Loach (Spare Rib)
Chair: Andrew McIntosh

Wednesday 12 November 7.30pm
Motherhood or Career?
Penelope Leach
(Childcare Specialist and Author)
Julia Brannen
(Thomas Coram Research Unit)
Chair: Joan Lestor

Wednesday 19 November 7.30pm
A Ministry for Women?
Jo Richardson MP
Terry Marsland
(TASS. EOC Commissioner)
Chair: Tessa Blackstone

Friends Meeting House
Euston Road London NW1

Tickets £1 each or £2.50 for all three.
Send cheque payable to
Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St,
London SW1H 9BN (Tel. 01-222 8877)

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

FRI 7 NOV

ONE WORLD Regional Conference, Birmingham. Glenys Kinnock, John Tomlinson MEP, Joan Ruddock & Joan Lestor. Details: John Tomlinson MEP, 42 Bridge Street, Walsall WS1 1JQ.

SAT 8 NOV

SPANISH CIVIL WAR DAY SCHOOL. Poetry, films, exhibition. 10.30am-7pm. Brighton Polytechnic, Grand Parade. Speakers: Jack Jones, Margot Heinemann, James Jump. Cost £3/£2 unwaged. Applications/information from: Frank Gray, Dept. of Art History, Brighton Polytechnic. Tel. (0273) 604141 extn. 245.

Lunchtime Lecture
LABOUR PARTY POLICY ON ALCOHOL
Speaker: Frank Dobson MP.
Thursday 13th November 12-2
Alliance House,
12 Caxton Street, SW1
Telephone Bookings
01-222 4001
The Institute of Alcohol Studies

CONFERENCE & LAUNCH
of
CO-OPS FOR LABOUR
Saturday 8 November
10.30am-4.45pm
Birmingham City Council House, Victoria Sq., Birmingham.
Disabled access.
For details tel: 0792 53498
A chance for your co-op to help shape the future of co-ops under a Labour government.

BELGRANO INQUIRY:
Why was it sunk?
Was war necessary?
A 2-Day Debate
with *Diana Gould, Tam Dalyell, Clive Ponting* and other experts on *Fri./Sat. Nov. 7 at* **Hampstead Town Hall,** (top of **Haverstock Hill, Belsize Park** tube) at £2 per day, £1 unwaged, 9.30-5.
Tickets and information from **Belgrano Action Group, 6 Stanway Road, Byfleet, Surrey KT14 7SF.**
Supported by **Camden Borough Council** as part of *International Year of Peace.*

Left Unlimited
Fri 31st Oct – Sun 2nd Nov, City University, London EC1
UNMISSABLE Mixing politics, culture and entertainment.
UNMATCHABLE Speakers include Denis Healey, Wendy Savage, Billy Bragg, Petra Kelly, Joan Ruddock, Diane Abbott, Peter Glotz, John McVicar and Mick McGahey plus many more...
UNBEATABLE Over 120 sessions with sub aqua, live music, fashion shows, video festival, trade fair...
For your FREE 40 page programme, write to LEFT UNLIMITED, 16 St John St, London EC1 4AY *or* phone 01-251 4406.

BRITAIN at the CROSSROADS
CHANGE AND CHALLENGE
A special conference in CPAG'S 21st Anniversary year with
Buchi Emecheta
Author of In the Ditch, Second Class Citizen and other novels
Ken Livingstone
Former leader of the Greater London Council
8 November from 10.30am
at University of London Union, Malet Street, London WC1
- Challenging views on Britain's changing economic and social landscape
- Discussions on the major strategic issues facing anti-poverty campaigners
- Perspectives on CPAG at 21

Admission £3 (waged); £1 (unwaged)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BACKCHAT

FIRST PERSON

Designer patriarchy

Helen Birch

'DOES A WOMAN exist who hasn't had a male friend declare to her, "I get on much better with women than men. All my real friends are women"?' So began an article in the *Guardian* back in July. Its author, Anne Karpf, made once again the point that this 'male-among-females' flaunts his post-feminist awareness as a way of getting his leg over with more feminists. Of course the article provoked angry responses from men who felt, characteristically, misunderstood — which is what the *Guardian* aims to do, to spice up our bland diet of reading matter, to stir things up a *little*.

But the article was colluding in precisely the process it appeared to be knocking. Its end was a prescription for male behaviour of exactly the kind that the 'new man' is so eager to be given.

This 'new man' is a phenomenon being eagerly discussed everywhere, from the pages of Pluto to the pages of *Cosmo*. Current films like *The Good Father* present a fashionable image of men as victims — taking up the case of men who have been legislated out of childcare. And this liberal parish welcomes new members. *Marxism Today*'s forthcoming conference 'Left Unlimited' features a discussion called 'What's in it for Men?' with speakers from the Communist Party and Creches Against Sexism.

A new novel by Andrew Arden, called, predictably enough, *The Object Man* (Allison & Busby), aims to break 'the conspiracy of male silence' and let us girls know what men are really thinking. The novel is about Paul, a moderately successful writer and *Guardian* reader who uses feminist arguments to chat women up. Paul becomes obsessed with Maggie, a photographer, and follows her everywhere. Maggie is presented as powerful, a feminist, successful and smart. Paul wants the reflected glory of a fantasy relationship with her. One day he's watching her house and she invites him in, lays him out, ties him up naked and keeps him prisoner. He becomes the object/abject man; humiliated, berated, ignored and, once he's learnt his lesson, loved. Of course, in this fantasy of immolation, he's *forced* to learn and she's his teacher (in much the same way as Anne Karpf teaches at the end of her article). His reward is sex and a new sensibility.

Arden was the subject of a half-page feature in the *Guardian* (again) when the novel came out at the height of the publishing year. We were given a list of his credentials: lawyer, leftie, iconoclast and, now, self-styled spokesman for 'modern male sexuality'. 'Potentially,' he declared, 'we are seeing the most optimistic development in human relationships for centuries.' The tower of patriarchy leans further towards mother earth — in her professional, pedagogic role.

Of course, the very mention of the 'new man' is met with derision by most feminists; but what's worrying is that the myth is so current. It might just be part of the fad for people-packaging, but even if the label is a media invention, men like Arden aren't. The proponents of this male movement speak to men as a singular audience, inviting them all (and, by implication, women too), regardless of class, race or education, to join in a game which they are expected, as men, to want, or to learn, to play.

Andy Metcalf's introduction to Pluto's flagship male-movement anthology, *The Sexuality of Men*, assumed a common interest and purpose: to end misogyny and accept the challenge of feminism. The 'we' he addressed was white, middle-class and *concerned* (hardly revolutionary ingredients). Caring Tom Crabtree, in-house new man at *Cosmo*, on the other hand, advises his women readers to work on their men: they mean well and, after all, can't always be expected to get it right. I turned on the telly the other night to see chirpy cockney Pat from *Brookside* bemoaning his treatment of Sandra to his new girlfriend, and waxing lyrical about his intention to change.

New manism is an invention, a reaction (in every sense of the word). It has as much to do with consumer capitalism as with feminism, and nothing at all to do with making ideas connect at a material level. And instead of recognising isolated cases of individual men talking to each other, making myths between themselves, we are asked to believe in a whole mass movement. Patriarchy, like capitalism, relies on the appearance of seamlessness but, just because new manism has a high profile, it doesn't mean anything's changed. It's just fashionable to be seen to be nice to women, that's all. It's a badge you wear, alongside your Lenin enamel, to complement your DMs and Levis 501s, your round-necked M&S shetland and leather jacket. It all depends on how you display your ideological plumage. Like designer mag. socialism at its worst, new manism assumes that style is everything, fuck the content.

The women's movement has proved strong enough to accommodate and celebrate the divisions within it. What the creation of a new object class, wagging its puppy-dog tail at women and opening its bleeding heart, goes to prove is only that the men's movement (patriarchy) relies on approval and the illusion of homogeneity now more than ever. □

FOOD

The fugu trap

Colin Spencer

IT IS A BRITISH scandal that our top restaurants have to acquire their quality ingredients from France. There are plenty of small farmers and growers here who can produce high quality goods, from rare breeds of Soay or Portland lamb and air-dried Cumberland ham to rocket, radicchio, samphire and fungii.

Up to now, however, there has been no organisation which can bring the best of British together, to watch that the quality is consistent and to let the restaurateur and consumer know where the goods can be found. Into this breach has stepped food writer and consultant Henrietta Green, with an advisory body behind her numbering Jane Grigson, Patrick Rance and Justin de Blank. They are bringing out a directory, **British Food Finds**, to be published in February.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the launch last month, the food — from mussels through smoked quails eggs, an exotic fruit (the barbecos, a cross between a melon and star fruit), magnificent British cheeses, a cassis from Devon, to the best of our smoked fish — was everything any writer has ever said of ambrosia and nectar. The directory should be a huge boost for the maintaining of quality in food on these islands in the next decade.

One group of restaurants the directory will not affect is the Japanese, which tend to air freight everything from the bonito flakes to the teryaki sauce, which often accounts for inflated prices. In New York, you can eat Japanese food of singular appeal and not have an overdraft; in London, the Japanese restaurants have been few and far between and all have cost, to eat at, the equivalent of a portion of fugu, the puffer fish with the toxic liver which is deadly to the honourable diner and costs £100 a portion. The restaurants must hope that someone pays the bill before reciting the traditional senryu verse:

Last night he and I ate fugu;
Today, I help carry his coffin.

In the last few years, however, more and more Japanese restaurants have opened in London and some of them, at least, are reasonable. **Yumi** in George Street, where I was taken for a celebration a few weeks ago, is not, I hasten to say, one of those. Two of us were closeted in a small, private room where the paper screens slid soundlessly and tiny waitresses shuffled forward on their knees. This obviously is what you pay for, to be served with infinite Eastern obeisance. You sit upon cushions on the floor and the low table has a well beneath it, where Western limbs and shoeless feet can play St Vitus dance with one another. You need to play something, for the eight-course dinner turns out to be comprised of tiny slivers of raw and poached fish: mostly mackerel, which is, after all, not the most expensive of dishes. Though the two of us absorbed a large amount of hot sake, we were still not immune to traumatic shock when the bill for £110 arrived. The fee for knees on the floor? Or did we eat fugu and survive?

At the other extreme, **Ginnan**, near St Pauls Cathedral, is packed at lunchtime with a queue waiting for a table or a place at the bar. Among a host of delicacies, sashimi (slices of raw fish) and tempura (prawns and vegetables in batter), at just over £5 each, were both perfect. They came with miso soup with noodles and tofu, a slightly blanched cabbage salad, a bowl of rice, tea, hot horse-radish and soy sauce. A marvellously light but satisfying lunch at a sensible price. Other specialities are fried oysters, eel sushi (raw fish and sticky rice made into balls wrapped in seaweed), chicken teriyaki and various poached, fried and deep-fried fish. Let Ginnan show the way; more Japanese restaurants of this quality and reasonableness would be welcomed.

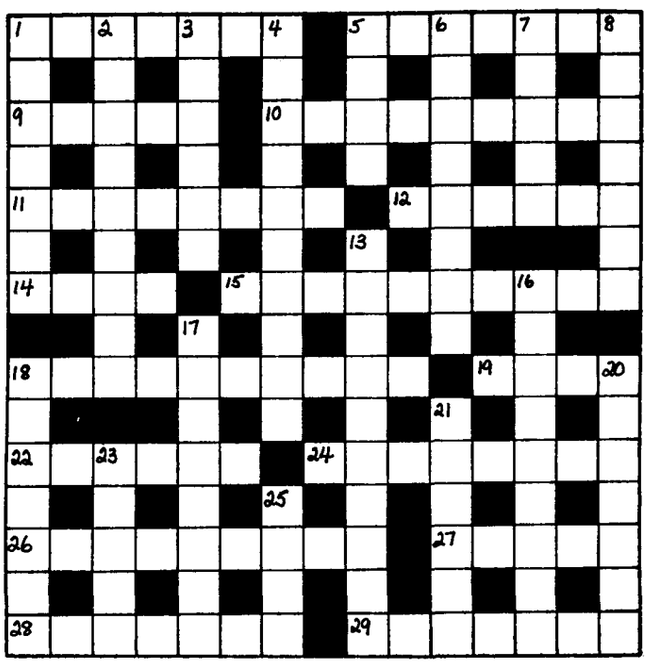
Chelsea is an area I always think to avoid when eating out, the Sloanes being a bit thick on the ground, but I was delighted with **Dan's** in Sydney Street, a restaurant which has a large window overlooking the garden centre. The decor is restrained, no camp and little pretension; the set dinner is £13.50 with the choice of six first and main courses, fresh vegetables or salad and either cheese or pud.

The price and range is impressive enough for this area, but the quality of the cooking was superlative. The gravad lax was moist and tasted strongly of dill, the roulade of smoked salmon and smoked haddock was of mottled, rosy hue beautifully set in a green sorrel sauce. The roast partridge was tender and just a little pink. There was Dover sole in a watercress sauce, duck's breast in a blackberry and orange sauce, venison with a timbale of red cabbage. The wine waiter's advice pointed one to a bottle of economic price but distinction. The dishes were carefully and judiciously planned. We finished the meal with a few varied cheeses and a choice of home-made sorbets. The luncheon menu looks as excellent and, depending on choice, you could eat two delicious courses for seven quid.

Orso is a new Italian restaurant in Covent Garden. It is a large, airy basement with plenty of room between the tables. The pasta is home-made and the sauces are redolent of enough garlic for you to believe it is Italy — albeit seen through the eyes of Hollywood, for the walls have clusters of photographs of such starry sirens as Loren, Lollobrigida, Magnani. Lunch for two costs around £20 but there is great appeal in the effortless decor and service which is so understated you can relax and converse in private. ▷

Weekend Crossword 1537

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1537, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 18 November.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

ACROSS

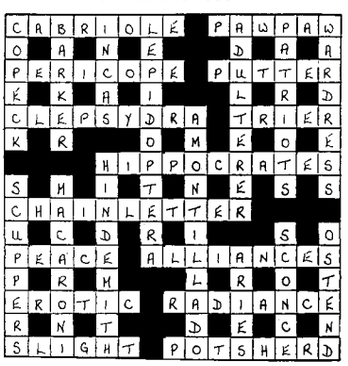
1. Married during frolics, they have temporary lodgings (7)
5. The austere person has to quote a number with union backing (7)
9. It is inane to be changed into a woman (5)
10. Method of helping a foreign country gives comfort to a tennis star (9)
11. Character displayed in giving the animal a proper routine (8)
12. Thing which makes one refuse assent (6)
14. Light lines for fish (4)
15. Being an old man, it takes me like that, the reverse of healthy (10)
18. Look back without harm after war in France (10)
19. Poem which is always among those picked out for anthologies (4)
22. Easily trained although badly coiled (6)
24. Street I give permission to make a weapon (8)
26. Food which is spoilt if it is past eight (9)
27. Prayer for a cricketer (5)
28. Longed for some time back home (7)
29. Something in the garden which makes a mess of the seating (7)

DOWN

1. Caught a woman embracing a serviceman, the fascinating creature (7)
2. Worker kept outside retrograde university makes ship (9)
3. Not liable to make a politician start training on a river (6)
4. Woman goes after fish as a cause of poisoning (10)
5. Florence's flower (4)
6. Shell is a place for scientists in the money (8)
7. A craft discovered in extra deep water (5)
8. Man put in to teach wild animal (7)
13. It is useful for tying up small capital (10)
16. Imaginary people St Paul converted (9)
17. Nile half made use of by Egyptian peasants (8)
18. Decency is the fashion with a lot of pigs (7)
20. Disease which makes the back curve round the mouth (7)
21. Without the game, the bottle would do for a tart (6)
23. Do fifty in a vehicle with a woman (5)
25. Horses for boss (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1535



Prizewinner to 1535

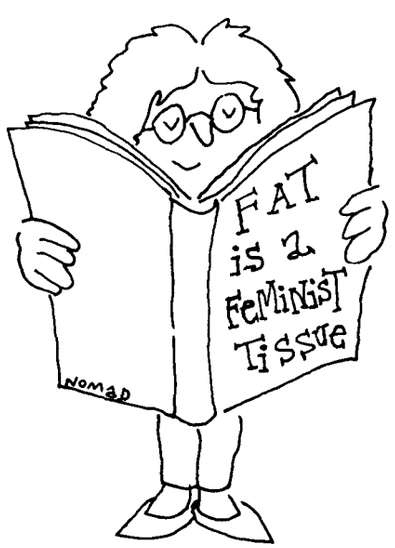
M. Duigan (Harrow, Middx)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For weekenders taking a trip to East Anglia, do not miss dinner at the **Fox & Goose**, Fressingfield. Be sure to book and be prepared for the downbeat, rather shoddy comfort of a French provincial hotel. Yet the tables are large, linen napkins are beautifully ironed and the food is superb, with great emphasis on fresh local fish and game. There is also an impressive wine cellar and you are encouraged to meditate upon the list. One of the favourite starters is a mixed platter of smoked fish which, at £6.50 for two people, is more than enough. The chef is Alan Stewart who has an ingenious flare with sauces. King prawns or pike quenelles in lobster, sherry, garlic and cream sauce. Salmon in a sorrel cream sauce. My shellfish terrine was in a tangy watercress sauce. There is no nouvelle-cuisine pettiness about these portions, they are generous. You can order a meal over the telephone when booking your table or there is a set menu at £12.

Another Suffolk restaurant, the **Butley-Orford Oysterage**, has been in *The Good Food Guide* for years. The Pinneys who own the restaurant have a smokehouse and shop. They smoke salmon, trout, cod's roe and eels. They also sell local oysters. The restaurant is popular and you can still eat lunch, including a varied smoked fish platter, with a glass of English wine, for £7. Yet the service is appalling: the local women are nervous and indifferent while Mrs Pinney rules with teutonic thoroughness. So sharp is her tone it could open an oyster at ten paces.

British Food Finds: *for further details please contact Henrietta Green of Rich & Green, 5-7 Luke Street, London EC2A 4PX or telephone 01-729 4822.*
Yumi, 110 George Street, London W1. Tel: 01-935 8320.
Ginnan, 5 Cathedral Place, EC4. Tel: 01-236 4120.
Dan's, 119 Sydney Street, London SW3. Tel: 01-352 2718.
Orso, 27 Wellington Street, Covent Garden, London WC2. Tel: 01-240 5269.
The Fox & Goose, Fressingfield, Eye, Suffolk. Tel: Fressingfield (037 986) 247.
Butley-Orford Oysterage, Market Hill, Orford, Suffolk. Tel: Orford (0394) 450277.



Weekend competition

No 2948 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

The Two Davids begin to sound like the Two Ronnies. Wanted, comedy routines for the former duo. Max. 150 words by 12 November.

No 2945 **Set by Margaret Rogers**

Extract from Thatcher's retirement *Dulwich Diary*.

Report **By Babe Bio**

Youve herd of the Marplan pole? Well, this is the Dorterplan pole, conducted by me on the basis of yore this weeks entries: when Bloody Margaret finerly goes, the person replasing her in Downing Street will be Not Sure (59 per cent), Kneel Kinnock (26 per cent), David Owen (3 per cent), Leon Brittan (3 per cent), Arthur Scargill (3 per cent), Edwina Currie (6 per cent). The last wood be a larf, woodnt it?

Unforchunertly, yore Diaries werent — with the few ekseptions below (£8 each) — and as for North Londoner Gerard Benson, repeat after me til yore blue in the face: DULWICH IS *NOT* NEXT TO PUTNEY.

Monday: How the hours fly! Though I cannot understand the mood of the country, defeat was certainly a blessing in disguise. I am busier than ever, just keeping the woodlice down.

Tuesday: The woodlice are exterminated. Ronnie called to offer some of his boys for a *coup d'état*. I told him no, let the bloody electorate stew in their own juice.

Wednesday: Watched *Brookside* — an excellent programme. As we all knew (even Goldilocks) Liverpool is full of Communists, drug-addicts and queers.

Thursday: A call from my successor! Could I recommend the best way of fighting off rivals and bending waverers to my will? 'Fuck off, David,' I said.

Friday: I shot a trespasser in the morning, but it didn't keep up my spirits for long. I think a lot about Napoleon on Elba. Am I just being *selfish*, leaving everything to blundering, old-fashioned constitutionalism? Anyway, I'm tired of doing jigsaws.

Saturday: I've just realised Denis hasn't been at home all week. Caught myself watching *Saint and Greavsie*. Called Ronnie.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Friday: Moved in. Removers fine body of men, example to British industry. Was able to stand in porch-ette (under feature Georgian-period lamp) giving orders, instantly obeyed. So unlike Cabinet — retirement promises well.

Saturday: Found scratch on rosewood cabinet. Have written to removal firm complaining of standards of workmanship.

Sunday: Dulwich v. quiet. Miss the policeman on duty outside front door and noise of Lawson's Mantovani records through connecting wall.

Monday: Bought budgie to alleviate ghastly silence. Denis still refitting Bed 5/Study as private den, and has not spoken since Saturday. Planning dinner party. Who to invite? Not met neighbours — all hidden behind high brick walls and security cameras. Tried to visit next door on good-will mission and set off alarms. Owners in South Africa — should be our sort. Must investigate SAGA holidays.

Tuesday: Will invite duty policeman from No 10 for dinner. Can't think of anyone else.

D. A. PRINCE

I have decided to take up golf now I am retired to keep fit and to keep Denis company. Denis thinks it may be too much for me but I shall start tomorrow.

We played 18 holes and were back in good time for lunch. Denis usually takes much longer. I rallied him about this but he seems rather glum.

Denis said this morning that he thought he was getting a bit old for golf and that the wind on the golf course gave him neuralgia. He says he thinks he will take up snooker and play at the club. I protested that he needs fresh air and he said he would walk there.

I have decided to walk with Denis to keep fit and we are having a snooker table installed. I think it's a splendid idea but Denis still seems a bit below par. Perhaps he misses Downing St?

HAZEL STANLEY

Monday: Inspected garden. Grass far too long. Told gardener to mow lawn and uproot all red roses. Finished first chapter of autobiography. Possible title: *Bound for Glory*. Mark coming to tea tomorrow.

Tuesday: BBC phoned — could I appear on Wogan? Practised caring yet sorrowful voice all morning. Grass still too long. Sacked gardener. Mark arrived three hours late (missed exit on Chiswick Roundabout).

Wednesday: Mark announced new job selling lawnmowers to Saudis. Wapping dispute ended today. Cancelled my subscriptions to *The Times, Sun* and *News of the World*. Denis looking seedy.

Thursday: Denis still looking seedy. Spent morning clearing bottles out of drinks cabinet, sock drawer and lavatory cistern. Watched news report about departure of Cruise Missiles. Bilious attack this evening.

Friday: Had nightmare about Russian invasion. Mowed lawn. Autobiography progressing well. Possible title: *Cry the Beloved Country*. Holiday brochures arrived. South Africa very nice this time of year . . .

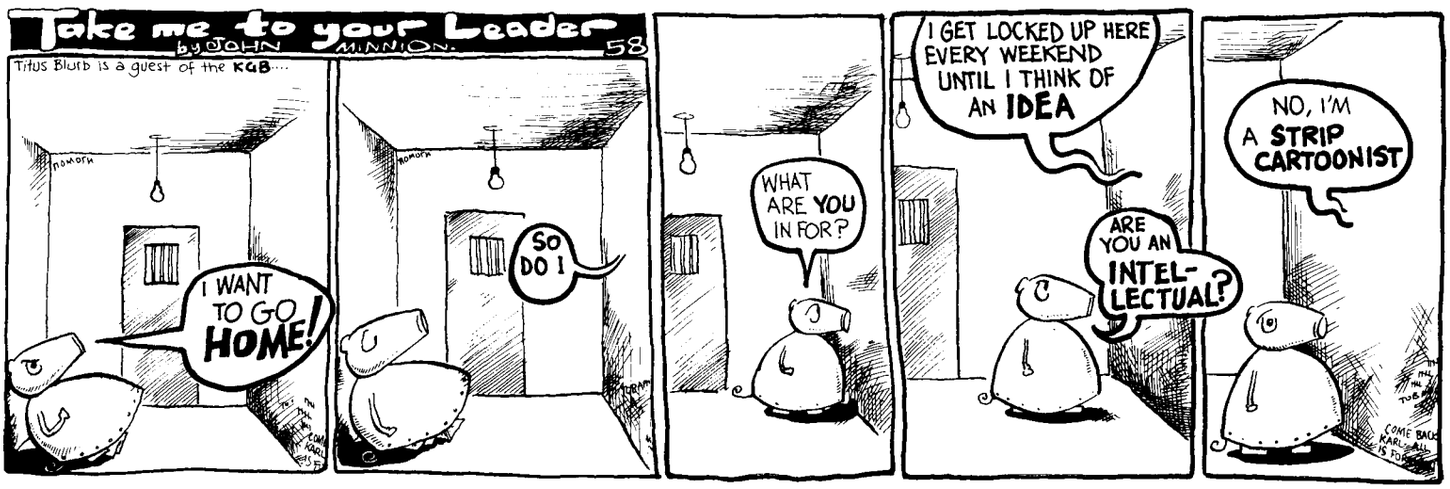
LISSA EVANS

Denis and I often gazed fondly across Westminster Bridge, dreaming of the day when we should settle in happy retirement 'south of the river' (though, with all the foreign travel, we had never actually ventured across). Mr Barrett's literature described Dulwich as 'a traditional village of great character . . . an oasis of Victorian-style values'. My goodness, what a travesty of the truth! We find ourselves slap-bang in the middle of Southwark, a borough whose socialist regime ranks with that of its neighbour Lambeth. The Conservative paradise of Wandsworth turns out to be many miles away and quite inaccessible since no one has seen fit to extend the underground to these parts. The local association is thoroughly moribund, so I am thinking seriously of venturing into local politics. What's needed, I believe, is some sort of administrative body to run the whole of London . . .

PETER NORMAN

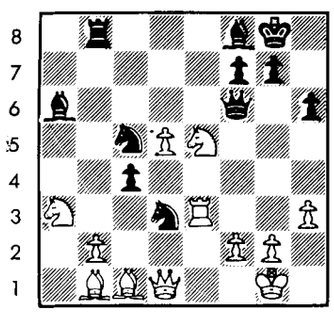
Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LJ. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Take me to your Leader
by JOHN MINNION
58
Titus Blurb is a guest of the KGB....
I WANT TO GO HOME!
SO DO I
WHAT ARE YOU IN FOR?
I GET LOCKED UP HERE EVERY WEEKEND UNTIL I THINK OF AN IDEA
ARE YOU AN INTEL-LECTUAL?
NO, I'M A STRIP CARTOONIST

Chess

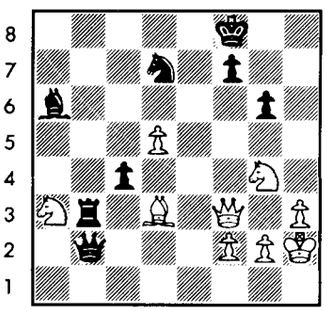
MISSION IMPOSSIBLE, take two. Four weeks ago I had a first crack at game 16 of the last Kasparov-Karpov match, but it continues to puzzle. Kasparov rates it the best of the match. Karpov says he threw it away with a dreadful blunder.



In this position Karpov has just played **25 . . . Nbd3**. Whereas the first 24 moves had taken him less than half an hour, he had sat thinking for over an hour on that knight-move. Contented players don't brood so long. Kasparov replied **26. Ng4**, initiating an imaginative attack. But there were alternatives.

In particular there is 26. Qc2!. In my previous annotation I said that Black could meet this effectively with 26 . . . Nb3. Wrong: 26. Qc2 Nb3 27. Nd7 Qd8 28. Nxb8 Qxb8 29. Nxc4! and after either 29 . . . Nbxc1 30. Rxd3 or 29 . . . Bxc4 30. Rxd3 White emerges 2 pawns ahead, with a winning position. So what can Black do against 26. Qc2? The Nd3 is pinned against a mate on h7 and meanwhile White threatens Naxc4. 26 . . . Rb4 seems to be the only move to defend the c-pawn, but in the face of 27. Nc6 that looks horrible. If he missed that, it's queer that Kasparov should think it his best game.

After Kasparov's interesting but probably inferior choice the game continued: **26. Ng4 Qb6 27. Rg3 g6 28. Bxh6 Qxb2 29. Qf3 Nd7** Most commentators agree that Black cannot afford to play 29 . . . Qxa3 here because of Nf6 + and Qh5. For example, I gave 29 . . .Qxa3 30. Nf6 + Kh8 31. Qh5!! Rxb1 + 32. Bc1 + gxh5 33. Rg8 mate. Pretty, but after 32 . . . Kg7! White has only a draw with Ne8 + and Nf6 +. Whether White can improve by interposing 30. Bxd3 is moot: e.g. 30 . . . Nxd3 31. Nf6 + Kh8 32. Qh5 Rb1 + 33. Kh2 (33. Bc1 + Kg7 again draws) Rh1 + 34. Kxh1 Nxf2 + 35. Kh2 Qxg3 + 36. Kxg3 gxh5 37. Bxf8 Nd3. I think it's a draw. **30. Bxf8 Kxf8 31. Kh2 Rb3 32. Bxd3** taking us to the scene of Karpov's 'blunder' *(second diagram)*.



He played **32 . . . cxd3**, losing his Queen to **33. Qf4 Qxa3 34. Nh6 Qe7 35. Rxg6 Qe5 36. Rg8 + Ke7 37. d6 + !**. OK, that was the wrong capture. So which was the right one? 32 . . . Rxa3! seems to be the answer, when a plausible development is 33. Qf4 Rxd3 34. Qd6 + Kg7 35. Qxd7 Rxg3 36. Kxg3 c3 37. Ne5 Qb7 and Black should be able to reach a half-point haven. The reason why controversy over the merits of this game will rumble analytically on is not just that it was both exciting and difficult. Every chessplayer is part romantic, part rationalist, loving the unexpected coup, yet trying to keep everything under control through foresight and judgement. Which explains how the rich, unruly 16th can be simultaneously delightful and disgusting.

I took that last variation after 32 . . . Rxa3 from Keene and Goodman's *The Centenary Match: Kasparov-Karpov III* (Batsford, £5.95). These two do a nice line in 'instant' books, combining ringside flavour with penetrating annotations. As most of us are probably suffering from a surfeit of K v K, however, we may be tempted to turn instead to *Chess: The Records* by Ken Whyld (Guinness Books, £7.95). Whyld's book is a useful work of reference with a good selection of photographs, some wittily captioned. But going through page after page of tournament tables and lists of national champions has all the thrill of reading through the telephone directory. There are just a few titbits of well-fancy-that, the pick of them being the tale of Huon of Bordeaux. While at the court of a Muslim ruler, Huon was challenged to a game of chess. His opponent was to be the Sultan's daughter. The stakes were Huon's head, if he lost, and the lady for the night plus 100 marks, if he won. Huon won, but only took the money. This incensed the loser to reveal her game-plan with the furious reproach, 'If I had known thou would thus refuse my company, I would have mated thee.'

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd
Distributed by NS Distribution

Editor: John Lloyd; **Books and Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Writers:** Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political Editor), Andrew Lumsden, John Rentoul; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Art Editor:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £40; Europe (air mail only £46); rest of world: air speeded £51; air mail £61. USA: air speeded $70; air mail $85. Canada: air speeded Can $90; air mail Can $115.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed.
(Postcards please.)

☐ Police believe thieves who stole a heavy 300-year-old stone font on its way to a church at Kimbolton, Cambs, thought it was a bird bath. — *Daily Mirror*
(Jean M. Johnston)

☐ Prospective wine bar owners looking for premises in Central London are being invited to consider buying disused public lavatories no longer needed by Westminster City Council. Three are described as offering sturdy Victorian construction with accommodation fashionably below ground. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

☐ The landlord of Britain's most south westerly pub, the Turk's Head on St Agnes (population 65), Isle of Scilly, has had to SOS to neighbouring St Mary's Island for more beer after 500 bird-watchers invaded the island in search of the Pallas's Warbler. — *Daily Telegraph* (A. Heigho)

☐ 'Vegetables and Cheese Sauce £2; Assorted Ploughperson's £1.10.' — Lunch sign at 'King's Head', Islington reported in *The Times* (John Lynch)

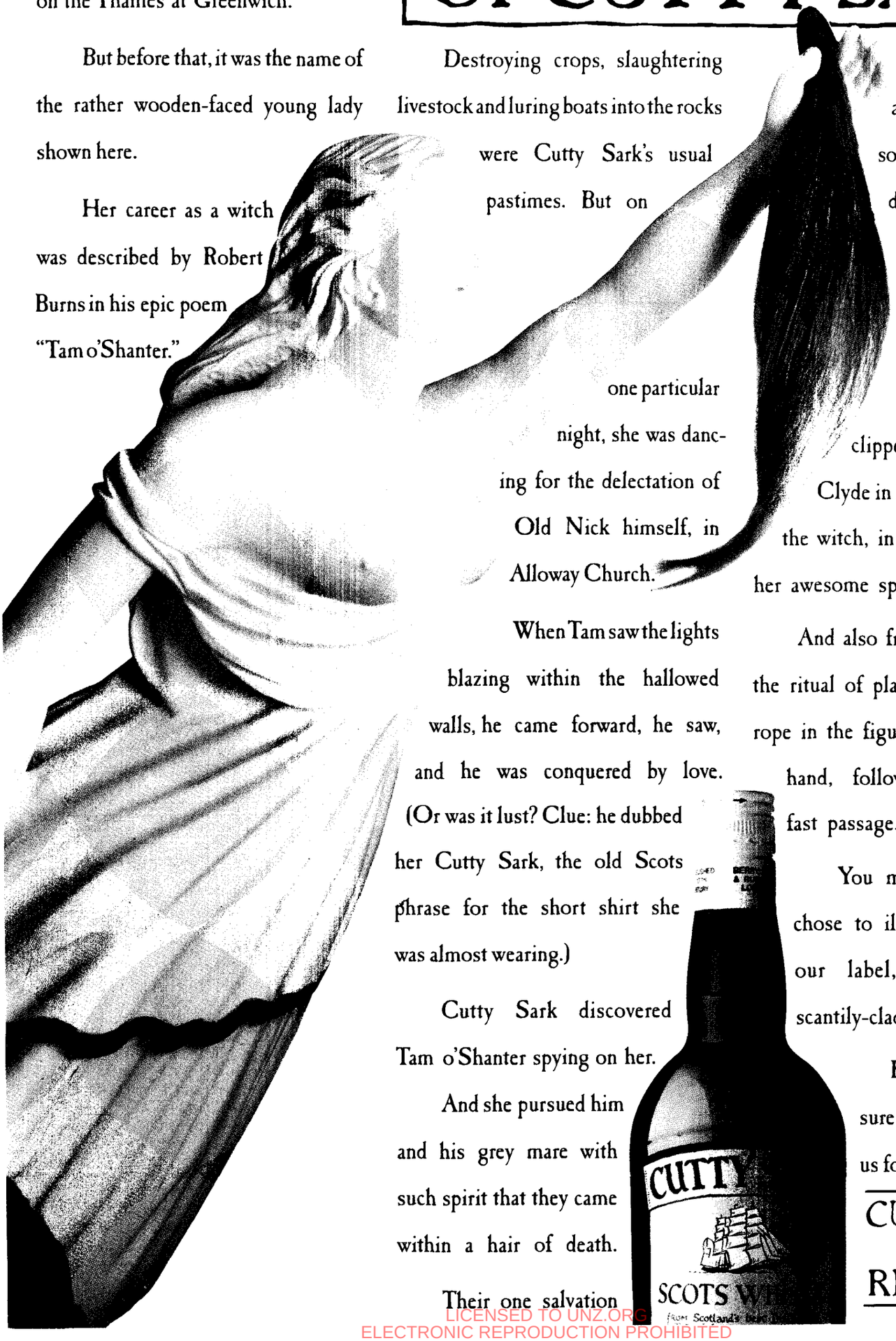
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LOST TALE OF CUTTY SARK.

Actually, the tale isn't so much lost as misplaced. Because everyone thinks Cutty Sark is the ship moored on the Thames at Greenwich.

But before that, it was the name of the rather wooden-faced young lady shown here.

Her career as a witch was described by Robert Burns in his epic poem "Tam o'Shanter."



Destroying crops, slaughtering livestock and luring boats into the rocks were Cutty Sark's usual pastimes. But on one particular night, she was dancing for the delectation of Old Nick himself, in Alloway Church.

When Tam saw the lights blazing within the hallowed walls, he came forward, he saw, and he was conquered by love. (Or was it lust? Clue: he dubbed her Cutty Sark, the old Scots phrase for the short shirt she was almost wearing.)

Cutty Sark discovered Tam o'Shanter spying on her.

And she pursued him and his grey mare with such spirit that they came within a hair of death.

Their one salvation lay in crossing a running stream – something no witch can do. Yet Cutty Sark still managed to pull off the horse's tail at the last instant.

The famous tea clipper launched on the Clyde in 1869 was named after the witch, in hopes of emulating her awesome speed.

And also from the legend came the ritual of placing a mare's tail of rope in the figurehead's outstretched hand, following an especially fast passage.

You may wonder why we chose to illustrate the ship on our label, rather than the scantily-clad young witch.

But that way we can be sure our customers want us for one thing only.

CUTTY SARK
THE
REAL McCOY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED